



Eddie: "Do you get off on making fun of me?! What the fuck is your problem?!?"

## "I hate you Richie Tozier!" by Junglepeach

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Aged-Up Losers Club (IT), Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Alternate Universe - No Pennywise (IT), Bisexual Richie Tozier, Enemies to Lovers, F/M, Fix-It, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Jealous Richie Tozier, Jealousy, Love Triangles, Love/Hate, M/M, Oblivious Eddie Kaspbrak, Pennywise is there but hes literally a university football team mascot fdldkfdldfdsl, Pining, Reddie, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier is a Little Shit, Richie Tozier is a Mess, Sassy Stanley Uris, Slow Burn, nsfw...nothing explicit but ye mentions of sex and stuff so incase your uncomfortable..., swearing warning incase u kiddies r uncomfortable with trashmouths

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Audra Phillips, Ben Hanscom, Betty Ripsom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers, Mike Hanlon, Patrick Hockstetter, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

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**Summary:**

"Richie Tozier was like Marmite. You even love him or hate him. When he told a joke, you laugh at him or with him. When Richie Tozier throws you his heart, you either dodge it or you take it.

Eddie had Richie's heart

...and he was currently using it to smack against Richie's head like a

scrolled up newspaper.

Richie could have let him beat his ass all day."

////

Richie is a wannabe cool guy who is actually...a massive dork.

Eddie is an angry ball of fire.

Lots of misunderstandings...

TRASHMOUTH VS THE SASSMOUTH

Enemies to lovers University AU

## 1. Invitation: accepted

EDDIE:

Eddie sighed. "Ugh, what the fuck am I doing here?"

A few hours ago, Eddie had been in his dorm room, contemplating over watching The US version of The Office or taking another shower, but he suddenly got a message from Mike, asking if he was coming over.

"Coming over where exactly?", Eddie texted back, settling on The Office as he sat down on his bed, one hand on his phone, the other reaching for his laptop. A few moments later Eddie's phone made another little ping noise.

"THE PARTY? YOU SAID YOU WERE COMING???"

Oh. Oh shit.

Eddie groaned and began to change, not bothering to argue against going. He had been refusing to join in at social events for a while now (no special reason behind it, he was being a bit lazy lately), but that morning he made a promise with Mike that they would meet up. "I know you don't like parties and stuff Eddie, but it would be cool to see you there once in a while", Mike had said to Eddie in the cafeteria that morning. Since starting university, Bev and Mike haven't had much time to hang around Eddie, considering that they were all doing separate courses that had different class schedules throughout the day. It was hard being apart but they were growing up now. They understood that they couldn't be attached to each other's hips all the time. They needed to reach a compromise.

"..So", Mike continued, "Are you coming?"

"Where you going?" Eddie turned around to face Beverly.

The redhead's lecture had finished early and she had spent the rest of the morning in her apartment. Bev had thought about joining the dorms but she managed to make a few friends with some of the girls in her course and they had decided to rent an apartment together. One of them could drive so it was pretty convenient.

"Remember that guy from the game?" Mike asked, briefly glancing at Bev as he tried to fit half a baguette sandwich into his mouth. "The one selling the hotdogs?" asked Beverley. She pulled out a seat next to Eddie and removed a container full of egg fried rice from her backpack. "No, the one selling pretzels".

"AH", Beverley sat upright, "The cute one with the stutter!". Mike gave her a nod.

Half his sandwich was down his throat and he was trying hard not to choke. Eddie sat there. Openly staring at him with disgust. Bev watched Mike in admiration before finally opening up her lunch and beginning to eat. "What about him"? She asked. "Ighs hiz PaARGHE", Mike chocked. He began to cough and put up his hand towards Eddie and Bev's direction, indicating to them that he was ok as he took a swig of water. Mike's eyes were watering but he managed to regain his composure. Eddie shuddered and tried to focus out the noise of Mike heaving out baguette-y coughs.

"It's HIS party", Mike repeated, grinning at Eddie's scrunched up face as he gracefully dapped his face with a tissue. "He and I have the same class on Mondays and we hang out every now and again. He said I could bring some people over if I wanted so I wanted to check and see if you guys were in?"

"Fuck yEA", squealed Beverly. She turned to Eddie. Eddie turned his face away. Beverly moved closer to Eddie. Eddie tried to turn his face away further but he moved his neck too fast and got a cramp. "Ah ShLeT", he groaned and she let out a laugh.

"C'mon Eddie, we rarely get a chance to hang out nowadays", Bev begged, swirling her fork into her oily rice. Mike nodded as he opened his mouth wide, getting ready to see how far he could get the rest of his sandwich down his throat. Eddie sighed. "I mean...I haven't really been feeli..." Eddie paused as Mike was clearly

beginning to suffocate while chewing a massive chunk of baguette. “You ok buddy?”, asked Beverley, closing her container and moving around the table to sit next to Mike in case he needed her to give him the Heimlich manoeuvre. Eddie continued, “Look, I just haven’t been up to i.....”.

Eddie's eyes widened in anger as he watched Mike heaving slowly as he took a big breath and opened his mouth wide in an attempt to finish off his massive sandwich once and for all.

“....if I say that I’ll go will you FucKING STOP THAT!?!” Hissed Eddie. Beverly looked over at Eddie in alarm and began to grin. Mike smiled, eyes fucking red and watering with his cheeks puffed out like a chipmunk, full of bread. “OHKAY I TEXH YOO LAHER”, he said.

Eddie grimaced.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Helloooo, any critique or comments on what yall would like to see is completely welcome. This is my first fic and I want to improve! <3

## 2. Sofa surfer

### Summary for the Chapter:

Richies POV

Richie:

Richie was lying on the sofa, trying to watch the UK version of the office on his laptop. It was difficult to concentrate with the loud noise of people grunting in the background. "Can yall shut up", moaned Richie. He dug into his pocket and took out a small tube of smarties. "Im trying to watch my show". Richie heard the sound of Stan sighing loudly behind him. He noticed Ben suddenly appearing at the end of the sofa but Richie ignored him and turned his face back to the laptop on the coffee table, stuffing his mouth with the smarties.

Suddenly he was in the air.

"fvnrxfnlrdzekd;e???????"

Richie swallowed 5 smarties whole and began to gag. Stan and Ben had hoisted up the sofa and were slowly moving it out of the room. "What the hell guys", Richie yelled, now sitting upright on the moving sofa.

Stan made a face as if he was carrying an entire rugby team on his back. "Bill....asked.....us to...help out...", Stan winced. "Party....is...toniGHT". At that last note, Stan quickly dropped his end of the sofa onto the floor and shook out his hands. Ben was still holding onto his end and Richie was in a lopsided position.

Ben had been a husky boy in the past but over the years he had grown into an athletically beefy man with a love of sports and shitty pop music. You would think that someone like him was on a sports scholarship, or at least on the football team, but no. Ben was studying

architecture, and here and there he took shifts selling hotdogs whenever there was a big game alongside Bill, who was in charge of the pretzels. It wasn't like he needed money badly, but there was a girl he sort of liked who often hung around the food stalls during games. Ben always waited for her to walk his way but it looked like she preferred pretzels....maybe she's a vegetarian..?

Anyway...

Richie finally shifted his skinny butt from the sofa and Ben took this time to put down his half and stretch out. For most of that morning, Ben had been doing most of the heavy lifting (not that he minded) but he needed a few minutes to gather back some energy.

As he began to stretch out his arms, Ben looked towards Richie and grinned. "Will we be seeing you tonight?" He asked. "Well", Richie answered, now sitting crossed legged on the floor, "considering that we all live in the same place, I'm sure you will at some point".

Stan rolled his eyes and sat on the edge of the sofa. "He means will you be at the party with everyone else or in your room, dibshit". Richie made a face as if he was thinking deeply about it. From the corner of his eyes he could see Stan glaring at him. Arms folded. The tall blonde boy was waiting for Richie to give him another excuse but unfortunately it will take some time. Richie was just feeling lazy. Richie finally smirked. "I just don't really feel like being around lots of peo..."

"She's gonna be there."

The three boys turned to see Bill coming through the kitchen door. "M....mike just told me".

"Whose Mike?" asked Stan . As he walked past Richie he smacked the back of the curly boys head, knocking his glasses off. Richie glared at Stan, who (still with his arms folded) stood next to Bill to peer at his phone.

"H...he's a really nice g..g.guy, We have a class together and he plays football so Ben and I see him while were at work and we h..hang out



sometimes”, smiled bill.

Richie had met Bill on his first day at uni. They got along pretty fast, Bill liking Richie’s sense of humour and Richie taking to Bills openness and natural optimism.

“...Is that him”? Stan asked, pointing at a photo of a handsome boy smiling at the camera with dazzling teeth while making....bedroom eyes at the massive milkshake he was clutching in his arms as if it were an Oscar.

Stan's eye's lingered at the photo for a moment, before looking at Bill for a reply.

“yup”, answered Bill. “I told him he could bring his friends with him”. Bill looked at Ben, who was currently on ebay bidding for a jock strap with ziggy stardust on it.

"Ben....." Bill's smile grew wide, "Remember Mike's friend...what was her name again..? Sherley? Berley...? B....."

Ben's eyes grew wide and he shoved his phone into his pocket. "Beverly's coming?!" He asked, his shoulders came up a little and his mouth was agape, slowly turning from an o shape into a small shy smile. Bill gave him a thumbs up and put his own phone back into his jeans. "I'm just going to make a few calls then I'll be back to help", Bill assured them as he turned back towards the kitchen.

Richie wiped his lenses and pushed them back onto face before climbing back onto the sofa. "Yeah yeah" he muttered towards Bill. Ben and Stan glared at the skinny boy, who was lying on the sofa with one hand behind his head and the other shaking the tube of smarties into his mouth.

"What are u hoes waiting for? Take me upstairs".

### 3. party house

#### Summary for the Chapter:

Yehaw.

Eddie:

Eddie was walking along the pavement, sort of dragging his feet a bit as he turned towards a dingy looking block of flats.

He decided to wear a pair of skinny black jeans and a white shirt that had been lying on his dresser. In the past Eddie had been quite the clean freak (the type who would spray disinfectant on his ass after going to the movies) but throughout the years Eddie had mellowed out a little. OFC He still preferred to be clean but now he was totally fine if the mess was his own. As he walked, his hand fumbled around with the inhaler he had fitted into his back pocket.

Finally making his way past the metal gates and through the empty car park to the door, he stood there a few minutes and wondered if he got the right address.

He heard a shuffling noise behind him and saw Beverly running up to him. "Guess I'm in the right place after all", Eddie thought to himself, full of disappointment. No turning back now.

"Mike's already upstairs", Beverly grinned. She was wearing a large knee length leather boots and a pair of jeans, followed by a plain long sleeved shirt. It was simple but Beverly was the type of person who looked good in anything that she wore. "Well then", Eddie said miserably, "I guess we should join him". Beverly gave him a sympathetic look and put an arm around his waist as she reached over to ring the entrance bell.

A few seconds later the door made a buzzing sound and they both pushed it and entered the building.

“Eddie, if it means anything I just wanted you to know that you look really cute”, Beverly smiled warmly as she walked up the stairs. She looked at him up and down, his soft and shiny brown hair cupping the upper half of his face, with his big bambi eyes angrily searching for the floor number Mike had texted him a few minutes before. Eddie almost missed what Beverly was saying, a vein popping up on his forehead. “Ugh I....uh... thanks Bev”, He turned to the pretty girl. “Sorry but...what freAKING floor are we?”

It was so ironic that Eddie looked so cute and soft, yet had the personality of Donald Duck.

Beverly took a breath and looked at her phone. “First floor, room 11”, she answered. Eddie looked at her. Then he looked at the metal plate on the side of the wall. Floor 12. FUCK. Beverly and Eddie sighed and began to slowly turn back downstairs. Beverly was quietly moving downwards, the only sound was Eddie quietly muttering obscenities to himself as he waddled his little legs down the big steps. “Hey Eddie”. Eddie stopped (mid-mutter) and turned to Bev.

“What’s up?” He asked, his face softened.

Beverly stood there, one hand on the banister as she twisted a strand of curly red hair on the other hand. “Do you remember that guy I was talking about”? She asked. “The one that Mike and I met a few weeks ago? We were talking about him in the cafeteria this morning”.

Eddie stood there and thought to himself. He had a sort of vague memory of roasting Beverly a few weeks ago for changing her home screen to a super blurry picture of a guy covering his face while wearing a massive pretzel hat.

“Pretzel boi?” Eddie let out a tiny grin. Beverly’s smile disappeared for a second. “It’s Bill. His names Bill.”

Eddie beamed, “Ok, ok. Tell me about Pretzel Bill”.

Beverly scowled. “Never mind”. Eddie laughed as Bev took a few long steps down the stairs so that they were now walking side to side. “I just....he’s the one having this party and...I wanted to find out tonight if i have a...” Beverly stopped and Eddie noticed that her face was slowly turning the same colour as her hair.

Bev coughed a little then continued, “...If i have a chance...with him”. She avoided Eddie’s amused look and faced the wall. “Bev”, Eddie put his hand on her shoulder, “unless he’s already with someone, there’s no reason that you wouldn’t have a chance...Plus if anything happens, Mike and I will be there, and Mike’s a great wingman!”.

The closer the two got to the room, the louder they could hear the noise of people yelling “CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG...” No doubt that the one who was supposedly “chugging” something was Mike. Eddie groaned internally but gave Beverly a last assuring look as they reached the door. “Look Bev, if worst comes to worst, I’ll play cupid, ok”?

Beverly laughed, “Let’s hope it doesn’t come to that then”.

Eddie gave the door a knock and a few seconds later the door swung open. Side by side, Eddie and Bev nervously entered the apartment.

## 4. Neurotic Nurses

### Summary for the Chapter:

every sexy nurse needs a sexy dOcToRrRr

Richie:

Richie had been lying on a coffee table for the past 20 minutes. He had been making out with a short blonde girl but both of them got bored pretty fast. The girl wiped her face and gave Richie a small giggle as she walked away. Richie gave her a peace sign . He sighed. So fucking boring. Other than hooking up with some rando, what else was there to do?

Stan was in a crowd of people, watching this Mike guy down a vase looking glass of Bacon cherry Creek (Admittedly Richie had also joined at some point to watch Mike with the crowd, Richie always admired people who knew how to entertain, and this Mike guy was on a whole 'nother level..)

In the corner of the room, Richie could see both Bill and Ben standing over a pretty red haired girl whose face was the same shade of pink as Ben. Bill looked completely unfazed, taking a long look now and then around the room as Ben made attempts to engage the girl into deep conversation about intellectual shit like poetry and how hotdogs were superior to pretzels or whatever....

Richie yawned. He scanned the room for any cute guy or girl he could waste the evening with. Nothing. He was about to get up until he saw Stan making his way through the crowd to him.

“Leaving already”, Stan the man asked, one eyebrow raised.”The

party only started like, an hour and a half ago...”

Richie gave him a toothy smile, “I can hear my bed calling me Stanathan”.

“Oh really?” Stan snorted, “I don’t suppose you already have someone waiting for you up there”?

Richie began to pout as he sank back down onto the table. “Not tonight I’m afraid old chum” (he said in a British accent that could be compared to the atrocious Vic Van Dyke). “Looks like this evening my bed shall be as empty as your heart”. Stan scowled as he took a seat next to Richie. “At least introduce yourself to Beverley before you disappear then”, Stan nodded towards the pretty red haired girl who was still stuck between Ben and Bill, frantically turning her head now and then in a 2 way conversation. “Bill’s been really nervous y’know, it’s his first time ever hosting a party...and just looking at Ben, you can tell that he feels something towards her”.

Richie had no choice but to agree. He hadn’t really made a big deal about it, but Bill had worked really hard tonight and it looked like everyone was having a good time. Plus if that girl was going to be around Ben in the future it would be great to introduce themselves now and get to be good friends.

“Alright Stanexander, you win. Let’s go.”

The boys both got up in unison and sauntered over to the others. Bill had been taking another look around the room when he locked eyes with both Stan and Richie. “Hey guys!” he called to them happily, “Meet Beverly, she’s studying to become a teacher”. Beverly smiled at the boys and said hi to them.

“So”, Asked Stan, who was trying to get a conversation rolling that could possibly interest Richie enough to stick around. “How’d you know Mike?”

“Oh, Mike and I go way back”, Bev rested her arm on the kitchen

counter. “Before getting into Uni, we both grew up in a shitty little town called Derry. It was like a dream when the three of us got into the same University”. Ben had been completely zoned out, looking into Beverleys green eyes, but he managed to notice that Bev had said “The three of us”.

“Who’s the other friend from Derry”, He asked, awkwardly leaning on Stan, who looked as if he was going to faint from the sudden pressure on his shoulder. Beverly visibly perked up. “His name is Eddie! We were all friends back in High school and now he’s here, training as a nurse”.

“Oooh, sexy, Richie ventured with a sly look. “Is the nurse here tonight?”

“Yup”, Beverley replied, “Watch out for him though, he’s little but he can be a fireball when he wants to be”. Bev took a drink out of one of the plastic cups on the counter and grimaced, causing Bill to let out a laugh. At this, Bev’s face returned to a pinkish colour and she looked down.

The group could hear a voice getting louder and louder towards Mike’s direction. At first it sounded like someone was calling out to him but now it sounded like the voice was yelling.

“MIKE U DONKEY SHART STOPPIT DONT DO THAT”, the voice screamed.

The boys along with Beverly looked curiously towards the crowd and Richie gave a laugh. “I need to see this”, he winked at Stan and made his way into the large group of people.

There was Mike, holding a small giggling brunette on one arm, a big brawny guy on the other arm, and a small boy with a bubble butt was thrown over his shoulder.

Mike and the two people in his arms were all laughing as people were taking photos, while the boy on his shoulder was obviously freaking out.

“STOPITSTOPITSTOPIT YOU FREAKING FRICK!!!!”, he screeched.

His little legs were spazzing and it appeared that Mike was lifting them like weights. The crowd were going hysterical and Richie watched with tears of laughter in his eyes. He whipped out his phone to take a picture and just as the flash was about to go off, Mike turned over, leaving the boy thrown over his shoulder to face Richie.

Richie looked at the boy dead in the eyes.

....oh....my god.....

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

More hot steaming stupidity coming up.



## 5. Love @ first fight

### Summary for the Chapter:

The dickbrains finally meet.  
.... can I get a yeehaw?

Eddie:

What the fuck am I doing here?

Eddie had asked himself this question over and over again since arriving at Bills. Stepping into the dark flat, the first thing He and Bev saw was Mike (totally wasted) chugging down a variety of cocktails and other drinks in front of an adoring crowd.

“No, ok sweetie that’s enough”, Bev rushed over to Mike and removed a martini glass from his hands. A few spectators in the crowd grunted and walked off, giving Beverly a clear view of Bill from across the room. It took Bill a minute to notice Bev gazing at him intensely. He waved at her to come over and Beverly let out a small squeak.

“Want me to stay with with him?” Eddie inquired. He was playing it cool but you could see he was using all the strength in his small body to restrain Mike from chewing on his hair. Beverly hesitated. “Will you both be ok”? She asked. She gave Mike a worried look (Mike now had both his hands on Eddie’s head, mushing his hair around till it looked like an ice cream swirl).

“Bev....Just go”.

She gave Eddie a grateful smile and walked towards the boy with the sparkly blue eyes. Eddie noticed that as soon as Bev started making her way over, a hooooOOOOOOT guy had suddenly joined Bill, watching her with a goofy little smile. Eddie had never really spoken to Ben before but he knew everything he needed to about the

Hunk...which was that he wasn't gay. Eddie sighed out in disappointment and turned back to Mike.

Mike wasn't there.

“.....god...fucking ..damMIT MIKE!!!!”

Eddie began to wander around the apartment, looking for Mike. Lots of people were around and Eddie's head was spinning. He had to make sure Mike wasn't drinking anything suspicious. Eddie reached into his pocket for his inhaler when he suddenly felt someone smack his ass. He yelped and his inhaler dropped onto the floor. “Who the fuck di...”, Eddie turned around to see a group of random people moving around. What's the point, he can't even see anything around him and now his inhaler was missing. Eddie's anger was slowly rising but he managed to hold himself together to continue his search for Mike. He could get his inhaler later. Moving through the crowd, someone bumped into Eddie and he felt the wet sensation of a cold beer running down the front of his white shirt.

FUCKIDYFUCKFUCK THAT'S GONNA LEAVE A STAIN!!!

The culprit saw the damage, looked at Eddie and said, “Woah...sorry lil dude”, then wobbled away. Eddie was grinding his teeth. Desperate for a few moments of space, he walked over to the living room where a tall skinny boy with dark curly hair and thick glasses was sloppily making out with a blonde girl.

Eddie shuddered but looking around the room he could see that most of the others were completely pissed. “Scuse me, sorry”, Eddie tapped the curly haired boy's shoulder from behind , “Do you know where the bathroom is?”. Eddie waited a few moments and he came to the conclusion that the two were either completely out of it or just ignoring him. Eddie gave it another try, his face scrunching up. “Excuse me...” He asked again. The blonde girl glared at him and without turning to look at Eddie, the curly haired boy sighed. “Fuck off will you? I'm kinda in the middle of something here”.

Eddie gave them both a look of disgust as they went back into their make out session. Assholes.

Eddie turned away and came face to chest with a tall boy who had pretty blonde curls. "Sorry about him", he sighed, "You looking for the bathroom"? Eddie breathed out slowly. Finally. Someone who was sober. The tall boy led Eddie through the hall and pointed upstairs. "Straight up, first floor to the right", He smiled. "Thanks....? Eddie paused. The boy smiled. "Stan, the names Stan". "Thanks Stan", Eddie finished, before scuttling up the stairs. Stan had been expecting to get the his name in return but as he watched the brown haired boy leap up the stairs like a little frog he chuckled to himself.

"How cute".

Now that Eddie was out of that pit of drunken shit heads, he looked at the mirror and groaned. Why the fuck did he say he was coming? Sure he made a promise...but was this really worth it?! He could be in bed right now, watching the office, eating cereal. Wearing clean PYJAMAS!!! He took another look at his browning shirt, now clinging to his body and feeling tighter than ever. Eddie removed it and spent the next 15 minutes soaking the entire thing in water. He raided a cupboard and found a container of Teenage mutant ninja turtle blueberry shampoo. "Not much choice is there?"He told himself, as he hand scrubbed the shirt with the liquid.

Finally finished, Eddie left the bathroom, now smelling like a blueberry surprise. He could hear screaming from downstairs and his senses perked up like a dogs at the sound of a girl screaming, "GO MIKE GO!!".

Eddie pulled down his wet shirt and scurried downstairs to the source of the chanting. He re entered the living room and was welcomed by the sight of Mike and a tall muscley guy doing push ups while balancing drinks on their backs. Mike had already clearly lost,

completely covered in alcohol, but that wasn't stopping him. "GO MIKEY GO MIKEY", squealed the girls. The muscle guy stood up and offered Mike a hand. "Your hilarious man", he grinned. Mike stood up, took the guys hand and pulled him into a bear hug. Suddenly the guy was in the air. He yelped and then began to laugh manically as Mike lifted him to his side. A girl squealed and rushed to Mike. "ME ME!! HOLD ME UP TOO MIKEY", she begged.

The crowd was growing and Mike was on cloud 9. He scooped up the girl in his other arm and they were now all laughing together. Eddie pushed through the circle and was face to face with Mike.

"Mike, I think you need to sit down for a few minutes", Eddie yelled over the cheers.

Eddie knew that Mike had class tomorrow. Damn it. They all had class tomorrow, it's Thursday!

Mike shook his head. "I'm fine Eddie really, I feel...so...strong!!" Eddie made a face full of doubt. Uh oh, Mike noticed the doubtful face Eddie was making and he got an AmAzInG idea. "If I wasn't in good shape...would I be able to do this!?"

With a bull like motion, Mike clutched the muscley guy and the brunette close to his chest and fucking swooped Eddie up over his shoulder onto his back.

"aaauauauauaaaAAUAUAUASSSSAHDSAHL DASHHHSJSH?!?!?!?" Eddie screeched.

He was frantically trying to get off but he didn't want to hurt Mike. He knew that Mike wasn't in the right state of mind right now but...Mike was a pretty tall guy and....well..Eddie was high up in the air. He began to feel queasy. Wishing he had his inhaler, Eddie crinkled his little nose and continued to scream obscenities towards everyone. He noticed that people were taking pictures.

"STOPITSTOPITSTOPIT YOU FREAKING FRICK!!!!", he howled at Mike, though he was mainly directing it at the spectators. With a

sudden jump, Mike turned over and Eddie was suddenly face to face with a tall skinny curly haired boy wearing thick glasses in the audience. The boy was holding onto a camera and Eddie was able to make out a shocked expression on his face, before his phone camera flashed on Eddie, taking a picture.

Eddie blindly stared at the boy for a few seconds, the camera light had been bright and his eyes was directly looking at the lens as it flashed. Scrunching up his little face, He heard a cracking noise. Eddie looked down at the curly haired boy's feet and saw his inhaler. Completely destroyed. Eddie blinked the light out of his eyes and turned to the boy once again, who was still looking at Eddie with a strange expression.

Eddie snarled at him.

**“FUCKER”.**

**Notes for the Chapter:**

StAn RaDiAtEs PoWeR tO mE

## 6. sweet dreams...you ass.

### Summary for the Chapter:

"Uh Oh YoUr In TrOuBLLe"

Richie:

Richie was completely frozen in place. Time had stopped. There was no sound, No one else was around. It was just him and this...this CUTE cute doe eyed boy. Richie looked directly into his massive brown eyes and took a deep breath. He had long lashes and cute little freckles dotted across his little pointy nose. Richie didn't realize that his thumb was on his phone, about to take a picture.

The flash illuminated the boy and his face crinkled a little in response to the bright flash of light. Richie's heart did a leap. He looked like a little hedgehog waking up from hibernation. So wrapped up in his thoughts, he didn't even notice the sensation of something plastic under his foot. The Doe eyed boy looked down and made a sweet little gasp. Richie's eyes didn't leave the boys face. Just a second later, the boy was looking at Richie again. His eyebrows furrowed together and he opened his cute little mouth and.....

**"FUCKER"**, the boy snarled.

.....whut?

Richie looked at the boy in shock.

“Wh..why did he...”,

Richie’s brain was in a muddle. He watched Mike and the others laugh as he slowly put down the muscular guy and the brunette. Once the Brown haired boy was on the ground, he turned back to Richie and gave him one last hateful look before disappearing into the kitchen. Richie felt the urge to follow but noticed a crunching noise coming from underneath his sneakers. Small shards of blue plastic scattered across the carpet where he was standing. Still a little drunk, Richie bent over, picked up the shattered inhaler, and then muttered in annoyance as he tossed it onto an armchair behind him.

“Where is he”, Richie said in a low voice.

He began to make his way to the kitchen but was stopped by Stan, who was looking into Richie’s face with a pissed off expression. He had made it through the crowd just in time to see Richie taking a flash-on photo, point blank of the cute guy from earlier. The same guy who Richie had told to fuck off when he had only asked where the bathroom was. He also happened to notice that Richie had been staring at the boy in a daze as he gasped in horror, watching him stomping on his inhaler.

Stan was fucking fuming.

“What did you do that for?” Stan demanded.

Richie wasn’t answering, straining to look over Stan’s shoulder at the kitchen door, trying to catch a glimpse of the Brown haired boy every time it opened a little. “Richie?” Stan asked, getting more and more annoyed. “What the fuck is your problem?”

“.....”

By now, Bev, Bill and Ben had made their way into the crowd. Beverly walked up to Mike and put her arms around him. "Ready to go home Mike?" She asked. Mike looked at her and his eyes grew wide with joy. "STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE?! IS THAT YOU?!" He said, holding onto both of Beverly's hands. "Uh...yeah. That's me Mike", she smiled warmly, going along with it. "Want to go home and make jam and cookies with strawberry shortcake"? Mike nodded his head repeatedly and rested it on Beverly's shoulder.

She turned to Ben and Bill and gave them both one last smile (Though Ben noticed that her eyes were mostly on Bill, who was currently yawning in exhaustion, thinking about the cleaning he had to do later). They both returned her smile (Ben gave her a shy wave) and they said goodnight.

Bev and Mike made their way towards Richie and Stan, who appeared to be deep in conversation. Bev contemplated whether she should interrupt to say good night or if she should just leave them be. Deciding on the latter, she sat Mike down on an armchair and told him to drink some water and sober up before they headed back to the campus.

Watching Beverly make her way to the two other boys, Mike sat back and groaned. He was still not quite right in the head...and gut...but he could already feel a migraine coming on and that was enough to kill off his party mood. He leaned over a little and felt something prick his lower back. "Yeowch", he reached behind him and pulled out a broken blue inhaler. Mike looked at it for a few moments before facing Beverly, who was laughing with a (hOT!) blonde guy while the other (a tall skinny dude with crazy messed up hair and thick glasses) was nodding his head at whatever they were saying while looking directly into the kitchen with a solemn expression.

"Hey Bev", he called," Is this what I think it is?" Beverly turned her face towards Mike and eyed the broken inhaler in his hand. "Oh shit!" She said. Stan walked over to Mike (who admittedly froze up a little when the hot guy approached him) and took the Inhaler, turning to Richie. "I wonder who did that". Richie finally looked towards Stan and scowled at the broken plastic in his hand.



“Dude..Some dork must have left it on the floor; I didn’t mean to break it”. Richie ignored the daggers pointed in his direction and turned his face back towards the kitchen.

He just couldn’t understand why that cute boy had looked at him so hatefully, calling him a fucker...

Bev’s eyes squinted a little and Stan nervously handed her the broken inhaler, intimidated slightly by her flaring nostrils. “I’m sorry; he gets grumpy when he’s drunk...”

Bev gave the asshole with glasses a harsh look and turned back to Stan. I guess I’ll be going now.....back home. With my dork.

“Oh shit”, Richie snapped out of his daze. He hadn’t realized the inhaler belonged to Beverly’s friend. He turned to give her an awkward apology but she and Mike had quickly moved past him into the kitchen.

“Great”, Richie thought to himself. Now it would be too awkward if he went into the kitchen after them. He grunted, avoiding Stan’s sour face, and slowly skulked back into his room.

Once Ritchie entered his room, He locked up the door and sank onto his desk. What the fuck was going on? What the fuck did he do to make this boy he had never even seen before look at him with such...disgust? Richie shook his head.

Uh oh, wrong move.

Richie was still a little bit drunk and the head shaking made his temples throb in pain. “Ughhh fuck this”, he clutched his sore head and shot up from his desk chair. Leaning against his window, he looked down at the people who were now going home. No doubt Stan was going to make him clean up for messing things up with Beverly and her friend. Richie sighed again.

From the window, Richie saw Mike stumble out from the front entrance. His large hand rubbing his head, the same way Richie was massaging his.

“I really fucked up tonight,” Richie thought to himself.

Beverly joined Mike a moment later, supporting him by holding onto his left arm. She turned behind her and called out to this Eddie guy. The guy whose inhaler he apparently broke. Not really interested at this point, Richie was a second from closing his shutters.

....And that's when he saw him.

A small brown haired boy slowly followed Beverly outside.

He was wearing Stans Jacket and had his arms wrapped around his body as he followed the redhead out into the car park and through the gates, then finally down the road into the night.

“...Well”, Richie said.

**“Fuck”.**

**Notes for the Chapter:**

stan does not stan injustice. Especially if the victim is as cute as Eds.

Beverly's got some thinking to do, Mike has some sleeping to do...and Richie....Richie needs to figure out how he can fix the mess he has created...

..and eddie needs a clean shirt.pronto.

## 7. The legend of sneaky staniel

### Summary for the Chapter:

StAn MaKeS hIs mOvEeEe....

Eddie:

It was the day after.

Beverly, Mike and Eddie were sat at the canteen, quietly eating lunch. Every few minutes Mike let out a groan and clutched the back of his neck. That night, rather than returning to her apartment, Beverly took Mike back to his dorm and watched over him to make sure that he didn't throw up and choke to death while he slept. He was clearly still under the effects of last night's drinks and Bev tried to lessen the hangover pains by removing her baseball cap and placing it on Mike's head, shielding him from the sun beams glittering from the windows.

"Thanks", He mumbled.

He had texted Eddie that morning, thanking him for trying to look out for him the night before and Eddie texted back that it was cool. The three of them had been through so much during their teenage years, each with their own personal hardships and problems. The only people they could really confide in were each other, so it was honestly impossible for Eddie to stay mad at them.

Even if a group of people he never met before now had a photo of his butt draped over Mike's shoulder saved on their phones.

Ugh.

Once He had returned to his dorm that evening (after the party from hell), Eddie simply removed his clothes, had a nice relaxing shower then went straight to bed. He handled the situation like the mature adult that he was.

He definitely didn't toss and turn until 4 AM, thinking about that big ugly stupid frizzy HAIRD NO GOOD DIRTY LITTLE SHI.....

"Eddie", Bev called, clicking her fingers in front of Eddie's face. Eddie snapped back to reality and made a sweet face. "What's up Bev?"

Beverly looked down and sighed. "I was just thinking about last night...About that jerk who smashed up your inhaler". The sweet look on Eddie's face was replaced by a tight lipped frown. "I mean...I guess he wasn't exactly sober but...I don't know..If that's the type of friends Bill has..What type of person does that make him"?Mike leaned over the table and crossed his arms.

"C'mon Bev, its not fair to judge someone solely on the company they keep. Wasn't that Stan guy pretty nice to give Eddie his jacket? Stan is friends with Bill...And what about Ben?"

Beverly reconsidered, remembering the big goofy guy from last night. "Yeah..." she agreed (a rare occurrence for Beverly). "Ben and Stan were pretty cool".

"Plus, think about it like this", Mike soldiered on, "We were all pretty tipsy last night. Some Things were done, some things were SAID" (Eddie had informed Beverly and Mike on his actual first meeting with the skinny boy in glasses, when he had told him to fuck off for interrupting his make out sesh), "I'm sure if we had all been sober, none of the stuff last night would have happened, Hell, I bet you could have even made friends with hi.."

"OKTHATSENOUGHABOUTLASTNIGHT", Eddie snipped.

“Made friends with who”, a voice asked.

The three of them looked up from their table and saw a handsome blonde boy standing over them, holding a backpack on one hand, the other tucked into his front pocket.

“Mind if I sit here?” He motioned to the empty seat next to Eddie. Mike (a little red faced) said sure, followed by a grunt from Beverly that Stan chose to mean the same.

Eddie pulled out the seat and Stanley sat down.

“So”, The boy slowly looked around the table, “I think an apology is in order”. Beverly placed down her lunchbox and wiped her palm across her face. “Yeah Stan, but you’re not the one who needs to make that apology”. Stan nodded in agreement and turned to Eddie. “Richie really didn’t know that he was stepping on your inhaler...He really is sorry Eddie.” Eddie closed his eyes and took a bite out of his sandwich.

It wasn’t like the inhaler thing was the only fuck up Richie made last night.

“I don’t care”, Eddie pouted. He imagined that he looked dangerously murderous from the mere mention of Richie’s name (stupid name by the way, Eddie thought to himself). The look Eddie had on his face reminded Stan of an angry kitten who had his tail pulled.

“Well Eddie, I just hope that what happened last night doesn’t come in between the possibility of you and me hanging out any time soon”.

Stan looked down at Eddie, who’s pouting face crumbled into a shy one. “You want to...hang out?” He asked.

“Course I do, I want to hang out with all of you”, He looked at Eddie from the corner of his eyes and gave him a small wink. Bev, Eddie

smiled at the blonde boy. Mike flashed his Million-dollar smile.

“Welllllll.....If you can promise me that I won’t have to see Ri...him any time soon...Then sure Stanley”, Eddie replied, “I’d love for us...For all of us to hang out in the future.”

Stanley stood up and placed his bag onto his back. “Just say when and I’ll come running”, He said, daringly moving his hand over on top of Eddie’s head, ruffling the boy’s soft brown hair.

Eddie blushed and then he suddenly remembered...

“Your jacket! I forgot to bring it in! I’m really sorry”.

Nah, you keep it” Laughed Stan. Eddie’s eyes widened in surprise. Stooping over, Stanley moved his face to Eddie and said under his breath,

“It looked better on you anyway”.

He gave the small boy a wink and walked down the hall. Eddie watched after him, a glazed look in his eyes.

Beverly and Mike sat watching Eddie for around 20 seconds, the tension between the two boys still crackling in their ears.

“Uh..Eddie”, Bev piped up, “Eddie, were still here”.

“Eh”, Eddie sprung back into motion in embarrassment. “W...what is it?” Mike and Bev gave the freckled boy two mischievous grins and It was Eddie’s turn to go a deep red colour.

"God damn Kaspbrak you got yourself a hOTTIE", Mike patted the boy on the back as he used his free hand to stab at the salad on his plate with his fork. Beverly nodded in agreement.

(The last time Eddie had been on a date was around 3 months ago with a guy called Patrick..they've broken up now but let's just say their relationship had been...

..rocky.)

Beverly picked up on the silence, studying Eddie's face (with his cheeks still puffy and pink).

"You ok Eddie? She giggled, "Lookin a bit warm over there".

Eddie put bouth of his hands up to cup his burning face and sat back. It's been 4 months...He's been out of the game pretty long (At least, for a University Student)...suddenly a thought flashed through his head.

"Beverly....i think..and this is totally **uNRELATED** to what just happened..but I think I need to restack on condoms...."

He looked at her expectantly, his hands together in a begging-like motion.

"just in case..."

Beverly snorted and rolled her eyes, "Bold of you to assume I have



any on me".

Despite this, she reached into her backpack and handed Eddie a zip-up from her purse, who thanked her gratefully.

Mike snorted. "Really guys...Right in front of my Salad?"

## 8. The goblin awAKENS

### Summary for the Chapter:

If eddie is an elf...that would make richie a goblin.  
No?

Richie:

The morning after:

Richie didn't have any classes, his drama lecture was cancelled at short notice and he was free to spend the day lying down, nursing his sore head. Fortunately, Stan and Bill had to leave early, so he was saved from an ear ache...or so he thought.

"You called her friend a dork?" A voice exclaimed from inside Richie's bathroom.

Rich had forgotten that Ben was taking the day off because he had a doctor's appointment that afternoon. The large boy closed the door behind him and stood over Richie's bed as he wiped his hands with a small face towel.

"Damn, I forgot that you think less than usual when your shit faced..."

“Yeah, Richie groaned in agreement. “And apparently I told him to fuck off too at some point, at least, according to Stan I did...”

Ben gave out a whistle and tossed the small towel onto Richie’s head before taking a seat on the desk chair, swivelling around to face the window. “You don’t think this will...i don’t know...” Ben mumbled. Richie looked to the boy, waiting for him to continue.

“You think this will stop Beverly and her friends from ever talking to us again?” Richie finished for him, removing the hand towel from his head and throwing it onto his wash pile (he missed).

Ben looked at Richie and gave him a quiet nod. Rich yawned. “Benny boy, it would take more than a drunk sex lord like me to tear you two apart, don’t worry about it”. He picked up his phone from the table beside him and removed the charger.

“Anyway, Stan said that he would try and talk to them today to see if he can straighten things out a bit. Let them know ya baby boi didn’t mean to ruin their night”.

Ben snickered at this but you could see that the boy looked as if a small weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Richie felt a small pang of guilt. He had known Ben almost his whole life and he never saw him so wrapped up in another person the way he was with this Beverly girl. He was sure that once he got the A-ok from Stan, he’d hopefully be able to re-introduce himself to her and the others and they can put the whole thing behind them. An image flashed into Richie’s head. The face of an angry, elf-like boy, giving him a look of pure cold hard death.

...Richie really hoped they could put it all behind them.

Ben stood up and asked Richie if he wanted anything from the kitchen. It was slowly getting closer to 12:00 and the boys hadn't really eaten much since the night before. Richie shook his head and sat back down, leaning into his pillow. Ben walked through the hall into the messy kitchen and opened the fridge. Nothing. Well..nothing but an empty can of beer, expired yoghurt and what appeared to be a half eaten slice of cheesecake with a cigarette poking out from its centre. Ben sighed as he shut the fridge door and took a banana from the (untouched) fruit bowl on the counter. They really needed to go food shopping.

"I'm gonna make my way out now Rich", Ben called. "Can you remember to tell the guys we need to buy some stuff for the refrigerator?"

"I'll tell em', Big Ben!", Richie called back, disappearing under his sheets with his phone in hand. He heard the front door shut and took the chance to finally let out a fart he had been holding in since Ben had entered his room.

"Haaaaaaaaaaaaa", Richie relaxed.

....Ugh.....the warm sensation had engulfed the air inside Richie's blanket and he began to fan it out. "Yikes. Must have been that cheesecake", He thought to himself. Back On his phone, Richie was checking out his class schedule for next week when he heard a pinging notification from Stan.

"We cool", it read.

Richie made a small fist pump. "YESSSS". He rested his phone onto his chest and stared at the ceiling in relief. This means that he now has a chance to properly talk to Eddie and explain to him that he was sorry for telling him to fuck off, crushing his inhaler, and then taking

his p.....!!

Richie stopped, his mind going blank. He picked up his phone from his chest and went into his photo folder. "Where is it where is it where is..." He was frantically looking through dozens of random photos from the night before. Some had Mike wearing Bill's pretzel hat, there were a few selfies taken by the blonde girl from before, 4 zoom in pictures Richie had made of the inside of his nose...annnnddd.....here it IS!

The boy looked exactly as Richie remembered him, even in his drunk state he couldn't get the moody boy's little red tinted nose out of his mind.

The flash had been left on (oops) and the boy's eyes were wide open, looking like a startled deer. It was the face he was making before he had peered down and gasped out in shock (Richie now knowing the reason why he had looked so alarmed).

Richie blocked out the following memory of Eddie looking back up at him, full of contempt. He glanced back at the photo and studied Eddie's face, making a note of his wavy brown hair, his tiny legs kicking over Mike's arms...his bubble butt....

Richie felt his heart leap all over again.

Saving the photo as his home screen, Ritchie got up from bed and made his way to the shower. Before returning the phone to its charger, He left Stan a text and then disappeared into his tiny bathroom.

“Yo Stanarama, when’s the next big game”?

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Staniel the spaniel coming up

## **9. Enter Stage Left: Shrek**

### **Summary for the Chapter:**

Peanut pete is watching.....

Stan:

It was cold and dark on the football field that Friday Evening.

Groups of rowdy students were climbing through the metal bars to enter the miniature stadium surrounding the field and the people who already had seats were starting to get feisty.

Stan stood amongst the crowd, a look of boredom on his face.

He had asked Bill a few days back when the next game was on and Bill was surprised that he wanted to know. "I thought football was for Meat heads!" Bill texted. "Seriously Stan, you never come to any games, why are you aski....."

Stan cut in. "Don't get all excited, Richie's the one who wants to know".

"..... That sounds about right".

(Sometimes Richie liked to go to the games, solely to bother both Bill and Ben during work. The last time there was a game, Richie spread

a rumour that Pretzel Bill was at war with Peanut Pete. Bill spent the rest of the night in fear that Peanut Pete would jump him on the way home...)

“Well, that doesn’t answer why you’re asking me rather than Richie”, Bill followed up. Earlier, Richie had sent Stan a message asking when the game was, followed by him quizzing Stanley on whether Beverly and her liTtLe friend were planning on attending. Again, Stan never really went to the games so how would he know? He took a photo of his middle finger and sent it back to Richie in reply, then ignored the following notifications.

Stan Ruffled his blond curls and stretched on his desk. Taking a pause to think of what to write back, He texted;

”Actually, I wanted to ask if you could do me a favour...”

*(Beverly’s Apartment)*

“He..Asked you to bring me along”? Eddie repeated.

It was early in the afternoon of the big Game and Beverly had the apartment to herself. The other two girls she shared the flat with were on a separate degree course and were constantly coming in and out of the rooms during the mornings and evenings.

That morning, Eddie had been asked to assist in teaching a group of students on what to do if one of their dorm mates (who had epilepsy)



ever needed assistance during a seizure. He had to travel to the other campus by bus (which he hated) and stand to the side as an instructor went into detail on what not to do (“If someone was having a seizure, obviously you wouldn’t shake them and ask them if they were choking repeatedly”, the instructor had answered with an exasperated face.)

By 2:30 he was finished and decided to walk to Beverly’s to see if she wanted to hang out for the rest of the day.

Eddie walked past Beverly’s favourite Thai restaurant and reached the large white building. Inside, he took the lift and walked out into a clear corridor with bright lighting. Once he reached Bev’s door, he knocked a few times and it flew open. Eddie was greeted by a green goblin with wet red hair.

“Eughhh! What’s on your Face”, He squealed, as the goblin tried to hug him close to her green cheeks. Beverly was wearing one of her ExPeRiMeNtAl mud packs. Eddie never knew if they worked or not as Beverly always had clear skin, but one thing he did know was that the packs she made always stANK!!

“Eddie Eddie!!” She yelped. “Bill texted me”.

“Uh...That’s great Shrek...now...gettoffame”! Eddie turned her around and bopped her onto the sofa, the goblin squealing as she fell onto it. “I can’t believe he’s finally asking me, I mean..i would have gone regardless but just having him ask is..i mean...eeeEEEEKKKKKK!!!” Beverly gushed, kicking her legs into the air.

“Well”, Eddie smiled as he sat on the corner of the sofa, “I’m really happy for you. Everything will go great tonight and you can tell me

and Mike all about it over the weekend”.

Beverly sat up. “Actually Eddie”, She looked at him with a strange look. “I was sort of wondering if you’d like to join us this time”?

Eddie was genuinely confused for a moment before breaking into a laugh. He had always made an effort to steer clear of Games and other testosterone based events. Back in Derry, out of support towards Mike, he had attended his football games now and again and it.was.HELL. He had one vague memory of waiting in line for 20 minutes for a drink, only for it to be shoved out of his hand by some acne ridden kid with an angry inflammation around his mouth that had appeared to be Angular cheilitis. The boy spat at him and disappeared into the crowd. Eddie shuddered, remembering the boys crusty face. He was thankful to Mike for being so understanding when he told him that from there-on, he would support his games...digitally.

“C’m on Bev, Eddie chuckled, “I hate crowds, plus if you’re going to be around Bill most of the time, there’s not much point of me being there. I’d totally be a third wheel!”

Beverly sat up and crossed her legs. “What if I told you”, she looked at him slyly,” ....That someone else would be there..?”

Eddie thought to himself. “You mean Ben?” He asked. He still hadn’t spoken much to the muscular boy, but other than admiring his (fucking baNGIN) bod, he didn’t think they would have much in common. “Beep”, Beverly laughed. “Try again”. Eddie leaned back onto the sofa and thought hard. His scrunched up face suddenly

opened up and he turned to Beverly (she hadn't noticed that the green mud on her face had smudged onto the sofa pillow, but Eddie made a note to tell her later).

"Stan?", He wriggled up and down, "Is stan gonna be there?!"

Beverly joined in on Eddie's wriggle. "Bill told me to let you know that he was coming tonight", she jumped up and down. "He...Asked you to bring me along"? Eddie repeated. Beverly let out a loud laugh.

"Are you in now Eddie"?

The two had their hands clasped together and they were literally vibrating in joy. "Fuck YES!" Eddie yelled out. The front door opened and a black haired girl in a crop top walked in. She looked at the two in embarrassment and shut the door behind her.

"Sorry Bev, she placed down a Thai takeaway bag, I would have come back sooner but uh..I thought you were both fucking in here..."

Eddie and Bev looked at each other, with their hands locked together and their faces both now covered in green mud. Eddie's face contorted into disgust over the sludge that was now all over him. He jumped up and scurried past the confused crop top girl, squealing all the way into the bathroom.

Beverly rolled her eyes.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

group meetup coming up, two dickheads in particular c(um) face to face again...the girls are fightiiiiinnnggg...

## 10. THE FREAKING FRICKS REUNITED

### Summary for the Chapter:

i have class early tomorrow its like 2am here lmao  
kill me

Richie:

Richie was at the front of the queue, waiting for a hotdog. Behind him, a line of people were angrily stomping their feet and yelling out at the guy in the front to **HURRY THE FUCK UP**.

“HrMrMrMMMMmmmm do I want...KETCHUP”, Richie pondered out loud,”.....orrrr do i want mUSTARD sauce...? Hrmmmmmmmmmm....”

Behind Richie a guy screamed out in fury and left. Two girls were glaring daggers; a stocky guy (who looked as if he was one of the football players) was glancing at his watch in cold panic...

...And Ben? Ben was fucking tired.

“Richie”, he hissed under his breath, “take the damn hotdog and piss off...Now”

Richie made another obnoxiously loud humming noise, causing the queuing people to groan in frustration. One scrawny guy in the back attempted to throw a can Richie’s way and missed. Just as he was about to make another attempt, Bill walked over to Richie and pulled him away, leading for the people in line to cheer out loud.

“What about my hotdooooooooooog!” Cried Richie, as Bill hauled him towards the bleachers, “Richie’s tummy hungryYyYyYyY”. Bill shuddered. “C...c..can you act human for one night Richie”, He stuttered in a begging voice. “I took the night off for this, and Ben asked to leave his shift early. We owe it t..to him”.

*(Ben had been confiding to the group how he had been feeling lately. It wasn’t a secret that he was interested in a certain pretty red head. Bill and the boys were happy to help him out in any way that they could. They just needed a scenario where they could all be together in the same place at the same time...)*

Richie sighed, pulling himself out of Bill’s firm grasp. Thanks to STINKY Stan (who had refused to answer his text from before about whether he knew if Beverly and her friends were coming tonight) Richie had no choice but to forward the question to Bill. “Funny you should ask”, Bill had texted back,” Stan just asked me the same thing. But yeah, Beverly and Eddie are coming tonight; they said they’ll meet up with me and Stan on the bleachers”.

That’s all Richie had to know. “See ya there Billy boy! J J”, He texted in reply.

Walking the stairs and avoiding the broken glass and trash heavily scattered on each step, Richie saw a familiar head of bright red hair. Bill made an “AHA” sound and the duo started making their way towards them. Sitting next to Beverly was Stan, who had a smile on his face for once. “He should do that more often”, thought Richie as he walked, “He looks better without a stick up his....”

Richie’s mouth opened and he stood still.

Stan was hunched over. Richie could see that the front of his jumper was bulging and the blonde boy appeared to be speaking to it. Slowly, a hand peeped out of the bulge and out popped a boy with wavy brown hair, big eyes and little freckles across his nose.

Eddie. Eddie was sitting on Stanley's lap.

The small boy was still wearing Stan's jacket. His legs dangled from the height of the seat and he appeared to be...Laughing. Richie felt his chest rise automatically into a deep breath. It was like his body was trying to tell his brain to calm down. Bill hadn't noticed Richie straying behind him. He gave the small group a casual "Hey", and sat himself right next to Beverly, whose face was going pink as she tried to look at the playing field in search of Mike.

Eddie and Stan appeared to have not noticed Richie's presence. Collecting his (RaGiNg) thoughts, Richie followed Bill towards the seats and roughly plonked himself beside Stan. The two continued talking as if he wasn't there.

Richie didn't like that.

Shuffling around the metal seat uncomfortably, Richie shifted his long legs back and forth. Stan was alerted by this, finally acknowledging Richie beside him with his stink eyes. Eddie was currently lost in a one way conversation about ball sport hygiene (tf even is that?). Richie glared at Stanley and continued moving his legs up and down restlessly, as if he was sitting on a bed of nails rather than a seat, designed to carry his ass. His legs began swinging side to side (well, they were specifically swinging to the right, where Stan

happened to be seated).

Juggling between the chattering boy on his lap and the squirming boy on his side, Stan finally realised that Richie was fucking trying to kick him. Stan tried not to alert Eddie's attention to Richie as he reached out his right hand and began to quietly punch him on his thigh. He had promised that the bespectacled boy would be nowhere in sight if they were to ever hang out but he hadn't thought in a million years that Richie would be at the game. Sure, Richie did go now and then, but he never made it past the fucking entrance. He was either there to bother Ben and/or Bill, or he was there on a date (which always ended up with Richie dashing...because...because richie FUCKING HATES FOOTBALL WHY IS HE HERE WHY IS HE HERE WHY...."

Lost in thought as he continued jabbing Richie on his thigh, Stanley's grip on Eddie loosened. The boy had been in mid sentence about something or other (Eddie sure talked fast) and he began to fall backwards. Stan went into motion and managed to regain support around Eddie's waist. They both sighed in relief...that is...until Eddie felt a swift kick on the side of his hip.

"YEOWWWW", Eddie yelped.

Bill and Beverly turned to him in shock. A few people in the front row looked back at them in annoyance, before their attention drifted back to the game. Eddie turned to face the culprit and his eyes widened like saucers.

Richie still had his leg raised and he was making a similar face. A few seconds later he was spluttering out an apology, his foot falling to the floor as he avoided Stan glowering at him. "It was an accident..I..I wanted to kick...uh..." Richie's brain was jumbled, his mind desperately searching for the right words to fix everything. "I...I'm sorry".



Eddie's eyes were still wide. Richie watched nervously as the boy calmly moved his hand from his sore hip and rested them back onto Stan's shoulders. Eddie's face shifted into a soft expression. His eyes closed. Stan and Richie took a moment to look at each other worriedly as Beverly and Bill listened in silence, their faces turned towards the field.

Eddie finally opened his eyes. He looked at Richie and ground his teeth.

"EAT SHIT FUCKHEAD", He screamed, as he held onto a (panicked) Stanley and brought up his left leg to kick Richie hard on the side of his chest.

Rich sprawled across his seat, bumping his head against the arm of a tall girl holding a large milkshake. The girl watched in horror as the contents of the plastic container drained onto the boy's curly mane.

Richie's mind went completely blank. All his reasoning went out of the window and instinct took over.

He stumbled upwards and put his hand into his hair, grabbing onto as much as the liquid as he could, then leaned over towards Eddie and smushed it onto his face.

"HOW'D YOU LIKE IT EDS!?!!" He yelled at the boy, whose hands were flailing around like a puppet as he screamed.

Stan was completely frozen, both his hands reaching the sky, avoiding getting into the fight between Eddie (who was still on his

lap), and Richie...who was now...also on his lap....

The two boys were completely covered in milkshake. Eddie was shrieking that he might be lactose intolerant and Richie was focusing on shoving as much of the oozy watery liquid as possible into the smaller boy's mouth. It took a while for Beverly to make her way in between them. By now they had attracted a crowd of people who were sitting around and listening in as the crime took place. Once they caught sight of Beverly with her nostrils flaring, they all slowly dispersed, leaving the boys to continue hurling insults at each other. Beverly pushed against Richie and Stan had his arm around Eddie's waist, still not entirely sure what just happened.

“WHO THE HELL SAID YOU COULD CALL ME EDDY YOU FREAKING TRASHMOUTH!?!?!?”

“YOUR MUM SAID I COULD LAST NIGHT...AFTER I FUCKED HER!!!”

“OK”, said Beverly, “that's enough”. She moved Richie aside and began to pull him along with her down the steps and out the front entrance, the spectacled boy yelling insults the whole way. Stanley held onto Eddie, who was desperately trying to pounce at Richie from the top of the stairway.

As Beverly pulled along a screeching red faced Richie, Ben walked up the steps and watched them pass with a blank face.

He turned and saw Stanley holding Eddie down like a baby booster, the small boy was a complete dripping mess. He was still swearing and muttering to himself.

“What...the fuck happened here”, Ben asked Bill.

Bill didn't answer. He was too busy shitting himself in laughter

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

pennywise makes a brief upcoming appearance (hes still a clown but uhhh..hes completely harmless so dont worry dcndkjncjkdksds)

On a side note...anyone here watching Bill Hader on Barry? I'm freaking obsessed with the idea of Richie becoming a hitman/actor as soon as he left Derry gOD that would be so cool aaaaAAAAAAHHH!! <3

## 11. REDDIE...to get ur ass beat?

### Summary for the Chapter:

eddie hurts his bum bum and bev hurts her tum tum  
:’(

### Eddie:

“It was going so well”

Eddie wiped his palm over his mouth and looked at the reflection of his pale sticky face in the bathroom mirror. “It was going so Well!!” he repeated to himself in his head.

After seeing Mike off to get ready for the game, Beverly and Eddie had met up with Stan at the front of the crowded stadium. His curls were bobbing in the wind as he casually glanced at his phone before noticing the two figures slowly approaching him. Looking at Eddie’s face, Bev grinned and gave his shoulder a squeeze before disappearing into the swarming crowd towards the food stalls (she planned to hang out with Ben for a while before Bill arrives, giving Eddie and Stan some alone time)

“Nice Jacket Eddie”, the blonde boy winked. Eddie blushed. He purposely chose to wear Stan’s jacket that night, hoping for some type of reaction. Eddie scored big time as Stan leaned over and placed his arm over the smaller boy’s hip, leading him up the stairs and into a row of seats.

Stan sat first and patted the blue plastic chair beside him, motioning Eddie to climb over his long legs. He hid a small smile as Eddie attempted to jump over, gripping the rail as he lunged forwards. The determination on Eddie’s face amused Stan greatly.

*(A fact that you had to know about Stan was that underneath his NoNoNsEnCe personality, he had it in him to be just as mischievous as*

*Richie.)*

Stan's smile grew wider as he lifted his leg up slower and slower, blocking Eddie's path to the plastic seat beside him. Eddie went pink, squeaking as he became locked in between Stan's thighs. He was trapped!

The taller boy encased Eddie between his thighs, pulled him forward, and then lifted the boy onto his lap. Eddie looked at him, wide eyed. (Though in his mind he was screeching like a pterodactyl)

Stan smiled at him, and then turned his face toward the field. "It's cold tonight, even with the jacket on". His hands lowered to support Eddie's back and they quietly began to watch the game.

**Beverly:**

Beverly arrived about 10 minutes later, along with an extra large coke and a massive hotdog. "Ben's treat", she giggled as she took a seat to Stanley's left. She side eyed the boys and gave Eddie a small thumbs up. Eddie silently returned it.

It was about almost 30 minutes into the game and the trio were sitting in silence. It was alright for Beverly (who was currently rivalling Mike with her food noshing skills), but Eddie was beginning to feel a little awkward. Stan was holding onto him, sitting back into his chair. His eyes were looking at the game with obvious boredom.

"Say something say something say ANYTHING", Eddie was egging himself on internally

.

“So”, he heard himself ask in a pitchy voice (UGHH). “How long have you been into football?”

Stan’s face carried a sophisticated expression as he watched the field, but Eddie could see that his eyes were completely unfocused. He looked like he was in a trance (or sleeping with his eyes open). After a few minutes, his face muscles reactivated and he looked at Eddie with a dull smile. “Hmm? What was that”?

Eddie’s face went pink again and he mumbled that it was nothing.

What Eddie didn’t know was that Stan did in fact hear him. He had to stop himself answering Eddie’s question with, “I fucking hate football actually, I’m watching these meat heads wrestle in the mud because I wanted to see you”, but he just chose the latter.

A few more minutes passed in silence. Eddie felt self conscious with the lack of conversation, fearing that he was the source to Stan’s boredom. He began to chat about any topic he could think off, with Beverly adding in her thoughts and opinions in between every mouthful she took.

(She had failed to mention that Ben had in fact given her 3 hotdogs, one for each of them, but she didn’t want to disturb them, having eaten the first two as she walked to the seats).

Beverly was midway in between trying to gulp down half of her final hotdog before she heard a voice going “AHA”, from the stairs beside her. She turned upwards with a face covered in mustard to see Bill and Richie looking down at them from their seats.

“FNGHGGHBRLLLL”, Beverly waved at the boys (mainly Bill, as she was still mad at four-eyes). To Bev’s annoyance, Richie looked like he was trying to contain his laughter at the site of her puffed up cheeks. Bill gave her a wave and said hey before sitting himself beside her. Beverly cringed to herself and turned away to wipe the corners of her mouth with her sleeve.

“How’s it going”, the blue eyed boy asked, He had his legs crossed and a hand hanging loosely beside him. “Good good”, Bev replied, the last of her hotdog resting on a serviette on her lap. “How are you?”

Bev's question was met with silence, She shot a small look at Bill and noticed that he seemed to be giving the curly haired boy beside him (shit what was it...Richie?) a warning glance as he clambered past Eddie and Stan and sat down in a fast, rough motion beside them.

Both Eddie and Stan were in their own world...or separate world's from what it looked like. Eddie was going on a tangent over different diseases that could be spread from sharing a ball and Stan was occasionally giving him a laugh and/or a one word answer as he watched the footballers below smack into each other with dead eyes.

Bev noticed that Richie hadn't taken his eyes off Eddie since he sat down. He was also squirming alot....

She returned to face back at Bill, their heads turning to each other at the same time as if they were both mentally conscious of the situation forming besides them. Bill sighed and Beverly sympathetically reached out her hand towards him, holding the last of her hotdog.

"Want it?" She asked, "I literally ate a bunch of these juicy bad boys earlier and i..."

Bill held up both hands. "No thanks, I'm vegetarian".

"Oh". Beverly fucking cringed even harder this time. She felt anxious as they both sat together in silence. Bill was watching the game with complete undivided attention as Beverly listened to Eddie chattering on beside her, his voice getting faster and faster. She was beginning to feel uncharacteristically self conscious.....until she saw her baby boy scoring on the field.

"WOOOOO GO MIKE", both Beverly and Bill sprang into action.

They screamed out and cheered and a whistle was blown, leading the footballers to turn to the gym for a break. During half time, the cheerleaders did their usual routine as the school mascot (Penny the wise) stumbled across the field, doing a shitty little half assed shuffle of a dance. Beverly could hear Richie groaning at the sorry sight and she grudgingly nodded in agreement. They definitely needed a new school mascot. Witnessing this was just....sad.

The crowd cheered as a boy wearing a large peanut hat ran onto the field and tackled a horrified Penny the wise, struggling as he dragged him out through the exit like a feral wolf. Before reaching it, the peanut hat boy seemed to look towards Bill's direction and gave him a wink. Beverly heard Bill whisper, "peanut Pete..Oh god...", as he shuddered.

Beverly was just about to ask Bill something along the lines of, "who is peanut Pete and what has he done to you", but she was suddenly alerted by the sound of Eddie's voice.

"YEEOOOOOWWWWWW", he yelped.

**Eddie:**

Eddie couldn't remember what he had been talking about. The sheer thought that the boy he sort of liked was bored around him made him desperate to fill the silence between them. Eddie's hand nervously fumbled with the inhaler in the bottom pocket of Stan's jacket (He always had a spare around since what happened at Bills place.) As he chattered, he noticed Stan's arm jerking besides him but he payed no mind, refusing to allow his eyes to leave the blonde's face. Eddie noticed that Stan's brows were going furrowed and he felt his stomach clench.



*(Of course, by keeping his gaze on Stanley, Eddie failed to notice the Stabbing motions the boy was making on Richie's swaying leg as the spectacted boy tried with his might to grind into the blonde's foot as if he were squishing a grape to make wine)*

Eddie began to chatter some more, his voice wobbling slightly. Stan suddenly leaned forwards, his face frowning as he absentmindedly r-adjusted himself on the seat. Eddie felt himself slipping backwards and light finally returned to Stan's eyes. He quickly caught and wrapped his arms around Eddie and they both sighed in relief....until...

Eddie yelped as he felt a sharp pain on the side of his hip. Stan's eyes grew wide and he turned to the boy sitting beside him, who was most likely the cause of it all.

Eddie took a moment to breathe before he twisted his face to his attacker and.....and...who the fuck is he??

Eddie didn't remember Richie looking like this. At Bill's party, the guy was completely zonked out of his mind. His eyes were bloodshot, his shirt stained, hair completely all over the place. He was in a Hawaiian shirt for god's sake. IT'S AUTUMN!

The boy sat across Eddie had a fluffy head of dark curls. His light brown eyes were wide and shining behind his thick glasses, his hand clutched onto his clean (rugrats) shirt as if he was having a heart attack...

No, this Richie was...**different**.

.....

*Unfortunately, this Richie was still an **asshole**.*

Eddie didn't hear the apology that came out of Richie's mouth. He couldn't remember what he was saying, what he was thinking as he kicked the boy across the seats into a girl holding a milkshake.

This guy just kicked him....with his FOOT. There are hundreds of people walking around eating and drinking god knows what...and now Eddie was carrying some of god knows what on his sore hip. (Oh... and did he mention that he was in pain? Because Eddie was in pain. That shit hurt.)

Before he knew it, he was wrestling Richie, completely covered in the sticky white dairy substance. Eddie smeared the goop across Richies glasses and Rich was spooning it into Eddie's mouth, causing him to go into a blind white panic over the germs which were now INSIDE him as well as ON him. Richie was screaming, Eddie was screaming. Stanley was screaming (in his mind).

Watching Beverly zoom past him and as she pushed Richie aside, Stan locked his arms around Eddie to prevent him from pouncing at Richie as he was being dragged away. Richie screamed something about his mother and Eddie was ready to "fuckiNG GO BITCH COME AT ME!!!!"

Stanley's hold got tighter and the boys watched Beverly and Richie exit the stadium staircase past groups of excited looking witnesses, to the exit. Stan waited till all was clear before letting out a sigh of relief as he released Eddie.

"You...uh..you ok..?", He stammered.

Eddie didn't answer. He blinked away his tears and silently walked past Bill and a bewildered looking Ben (who had finished a little later and managed to witness the final moments of their fight)

The poor boy looked as if he WANTED to say something...but couldn't even begin to string the words together.

Bill respectfully waited until Eddie had made his way into the restroom at the bottom of the arena and was out of ear-reach, before bursting out into laughter.

Stanley furiously glared at Bill as he sank back into his seat.

He sighed.

“What a fucking disaster”.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Bev finally get whats going onNnNnNNnN...

OH any my baby boy mike returnsssssss...and..makes a friend? ;)

please naturally assume that peanut pete fucking annihilates penny the wise okay? hugz n' kisses  
xxxxxx

## 12. suddenLY I SEE!!!

### Summary for the Chapter:

Finally getting that beverlyXrichie friendship ive been lusting to writeeee! the terrible two might have something cooking..so keep ur eyes opennn

This chapter 4 dorks realize something and each have a different reaction to it :)  
comments r welcome plz enjoy

### Richie:

The carpark was almost empty aside from a few cars that were sitting below the gates. It was dark and cold that night so no one lingered around. People were hustling through to the arena where it was bright and warm and full of people. In the dark of the autumn evening, no one noticed a red headed girl speeding past the parked cars as she tightly gripped onto an awkward looking boy, before slamming him against a wall, out of sight from anyone who might be passing by.

“What”, she huffed, “...is your deal with Eddie”.

When they had first met at Bill's, Beverly had felt an immediate sense of fondness towards Richie. He seemed funny and genuine. Sure, it had only been a short while that they had spoken, but she had felt comfortable as she looked at the goofy giant of a boy laughing, with his wide grin and thick glasses. She had been so disappointed at him (and her mis-judgment) when she saw his complete disregard towards calling her friend a *dork* right in front of her face, after having stomped on Eddie's blue inhaler, then tossing it aside like trash.

Still a little bitter, she had partially accepted that alcohol had a role to play with his behaviour that night...but right now there was no excuse. Richie has laughed at Eddie, broken his inhaler, KICKED HIM...and...and tried to drown him with milkshake.(?)

Beverly watched the tall boy in silence, her arms now crossed as her nostrils began to flare. Richie avoided her eyes but she could detect an incredibly guilty look on the boy's sticky face. ("Shit, thought Beverly," I forgot he's covered in Milkshake, he must be freezing".)

Being the angel that she was, Bev sighed and took off her jumper, handing it to Richie. He looked at it with a surprised expression, then took it and put it on. He gradually began to face the frowning girl.

"Thanks Bev", Richie stuffed his hands into his jean pockets. Beverly continued to glare.

"Uhh....well...he..." Richie paused, one hand left his pocket and he used it to scratch the back of his neck (Which was also sticky...ew)

".....he must really hate me now, huh?"

Beverly looked confused. "Richie", she replied in a low voice, "If anything, Eddie probably has the impression that you're the one who hates him". Richie scratched his head and slumped against the wall.

"Ughh...This is all getting so fucked up".

Beverly walked towards Richie and slumped down the wall beside him.

“Hey”, she asked him. “So...you don’t ...ACTUALLY...hate Eddie, right?”

Richie gave her a look as if she was being ridiculous, but thinking back to what happened earlier, he let out a miserable groan. “I can’t blame you for thinking that, considering all the shit I’ve been doing up till now,” He lamented to the wide eyed girl beside him.

“No...I don’t hate Eddie. In fact, I think he’s super cute...and...I actually...I actually uh...really...Like...him..?”

Beverly finally saw the reason behind Richie’s past actions. It was fucking stupid but she got it. Beverly breathed in and let out a sharp breath, closing her eyes.

“Richie”, she said,” You’re such an idiot”.

**Ben:**

Bill had finally settled down, small tears of laughter still hung to his long lashes as he sat upright on his seat. It was so weird seeing Richie like that, none of the boys really knew how to react to it. Stanley looked like a zombie, perched on his seat with his legs stretched on the floor. Ben took Richie’s seat and slowly sat beside him.

“Why”, the blonde boy was muttering, “What did Eddie do to make Rich hate him so much!?”

He just couldn't get it. Bill couldn't get it either. Now that that the spectacle was long over, he was also trying to come up with a reason behind it all. Rich was always such a chill guy. He got along with pretty much everyone he knew and had an abundance of fans and admirers in and around campus. It was the same when they had both been kids. Stanley always had an issue with talking to people...as in he preferred not to. It was always Richie who managed to use his gift of gab to get him out of any situation he didn't want to be in.

Richie always looked out for his friends in his own way.

Stanley pressed a hand onto his temple and let out a shallow breath. “Is it that he doesn't like the way Eddie talks so much?” he turned to Bill who shrugged his shoulders. “That doesn't make any sense, Richie never stops talking himself! It would be like the pot calling the kettle black”.

Bill pictured Richie's red face when he had first caught sight of Eddie before sitting beside them both. “He looked so weird”, Bill remembered, “It was if he..he had gone crazy”.

“Yeah”, Ben chuckled, taking a sip from his can of beer, “Crazy in love”.

Stanley and Bill turned to Ben. They're eyes were circles and both had their mouths open in bewilderment. The sight made Ben let out another laugh. “C'mon, you all saw his face when Bev was dragging him out! It's so freaking obvious!”

Bill sat there for a few seconds, completely silent. His face spread into a shit eating grin and he looked over to Stan, who was still completely frozen.

Y'know Stan", Bill's eyes crinkled upwards, "He m..might be on to something there..."

Stanley crouched over, both his hands rubbing at his temples.

"No way. No FucKING WAY!!!"

**Eddie:**

Eddie sat in the bathroom. The lights were flickering and much like that night at Bill's place, he was once again completely soaked. Eddie couldn't bare the sticky shirt he had been wearing and was forced to remove it and rinse it under the tap. Stans jacket was now unwearable (barely touchable) from the amount of dairy dripping off it. Eddie was holding it with the tips of his fingers as he waited for his shirt to lose its dull strawberry scent.

Putting on the wet shirt, he left the bathroom and came face to face with Mike (lol...face to chest, considering how tiny Eddie was compared to the titan like boy before him). Mike was now back in his regular clothes, meaning Eddie had spent the remainder of the game in the bathroom. "Just like old times back in Derry", Eddie remembered miserably.



“YOoooo”, Mike cried, pulling the boy into a massive hug.

Mike stood still for a minute before pulling apart from Eddie and looking at him. Mike’s own shirt was damp from the hug and he shot Eddie a confused look. “You ok”, he asked, “Why’re you all wet?”

Eddie shrugged his shoulders and made up some shit that that someone bumped into him and dropped their drink over him. It was easier than telling the truth. Eddie had no idea what Mike would do to Richie if he had been there to witness what happened at the podium.

“Well whatever bud, “The tall boy smiled kindly,” He took off his own jacket despite Eddie’s protests and dumped it on top of him. It was massive and Eddie looked like a ghost in black leather.

“So what’s the plan”, Mike asked.

The night before, Beverly and Mike had talked about having a few drinks at her place after the game. Most of her flatmates were out for the weekend except Isabel (Crop top girl), who had promised Bev a lift to the apartment before she makes her own way to spend time at her boyfriend’s place until Monday.

Eddie mumbled that he wanted to go home to the dorms and Mike didn’t push for him to join them. He could sense that the freckled boy had a long night. He picked up on a weak scent of strawberry milkshake from the jacket the boy was carrying, but he kept his mouth shut as they walked to the front of the car park.

“Hrmm”, Mike wondered aloud when they reached the exit. “Beverly said she would meet us here.

Eddie shuddered from the wind and took a step in front of Mike. A car was making its way along the gates. Once it entered through, it steadily drove towards both Mike and Eddie. The two boys watched it

come closer and closer, stopping to the side of them. The back window rolled down and a red haired girl popped her head out in between Bill and Ben (Stanley was squished on the opposite side onto the windows, looking completely dead, inside and out.

“Isabel couldn’t make it”, Beverly grinned at the boys (particularly at Eddie, who was looking at her like a murderous Chihuahua)

Richie stuck his head out from the driver’s seat and motioned a grateful Mike and an INCREDIBLY FURIOUSLY FRUSTRATED EDDIE towards the car.

“All aboard!” He beamed.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

OoOoH I made some plans for MIKE and Stangarang  
so be sure to keep ur eye on the next chapter <3

## 13. Monkey buiznezz

### Summary for the Chapter:

WaR dEcLaRaTiOnS aNyOnE?

Eddie:

Eddie was sitting on the left and right knees of both Bill and Stanley. Beverly was right beside him, ignoring his death glare as she leaned backwards onto Ben. (Eddie saw that Ben was making a face as if his chest was about to combust).

Interesting.

Before entering the car, Richie had turned off the motor and stepped out, opening the front door and bowing in Eddie's direction.

"A truce,huh"? Eddie thought. "In your fucking dreams, you damn bean pole".

With as much pettiness as he could manage, Eddie ignored him and waltzed towards the open back window where Beverly had popped her head a few minutes ago, then climbed through it with the grace of a chimpanzee. Beverly shook her head over how immature both boys were being. It was the norm for her but Bill and Ben hadn't expected this reaction (though considering earlier, they really should have).

They both uncomfortably shifted to accommodate the boy into the car. Stanley was briefly brought to life as he witnessed this display of monkey business. He shifted his eyes carefully towards Richie, expecting a sour look at the freckled boy's rejection. His gaze was

met with an upshot view of Richie, whose eyes were sparkling as he desperately tried to contain a wobbly smile.

Ughhhh..... Stan can see it now. It was so damn clear. He turned back to the window, returning to his unresponsive state.

Richie was fucking whipped.

Mike gave a light hearted shrug and walked towards Richie. He whole heartedly returned the curtsy towards the grateful boy and took his place inside the car. Richie walked around and returned to the driver's seat.

"Where too, Beverly Beaver", Rich turned. He caught sight of Ben from behind her and flashed him a smile.

Beverly paused for a moment then looked over to face Bill (who had his eyes on his phone, texting with one hand and his other resting over the back of the seat). "Mike and I were planning on having a few drinks back at my place. I have the place to myself this weekend so you're free to come join us?"

She moved her body around slightly and gave Ben an encouraging smile (Ben tried not to explode)

Bill returned it and shared a nod with Richie, before switching back on the motor. The car started heading towards the road, outside the stadium's entrance gate.

Bill was texting to himself silently beside Stan and Beverly, smiling at the messages that were being sent every few seconds. His face faltered suddenly. He turned to Beverly with an apologetic expression. "I'm re..really sorry, but I can't hang out tonight. I totally forgot that I was going to Skype G..Georgie later".

“Georgie?” Beverly asked with a disappointed (but understanding!) voice. “Georgie is Bill’s little brother”, Ben chimed in. “He lives a few hours away so Bill doesn’t get to see him much”.

Beverly sighed a little, slumping herself against Ben (thank god Beverly couldn’t see his face...he was so damn red omfg). “Maybe another time?”

Bill smiled. “Of course, ju..just drop me a line and I’ll be right over”.

She was happy with that.

“How about you Eddie, you changed your mind?” Mike looked over his seat at Eddie, who had both his arms crossed as he stared straight through the windshield. He was clearly mad at Beverly because his body was leaning as far away from her as possible. He looked like he was about to fall on Stan.

“NO”, Eddie answered. “I wanna go HOME because I STINK...thanks to SOMEONE...”

Richie let out a laugh as he made a turn towards the apartment blocks. “Were both reeking of strawberries right now Ed’s, don’t let it stop you from having a good time!”

Eddie growled in response. His hand fumbled into his pocket, searching for his dorm keys. Stopping, he inverted both pockets before realizing that he wasn’t wearing Stan’s coat. “Shit”, Eddie thought. No doubt that someone will just take it from the bathroom without giving it to lost and found. By now the stadium was probably closed...and that would include the front office of his dorms, meaning he’d have no choice but to ring in the morning for a new one.

He groaned out loud and turned to look at Bev, trying to stop any venom from seeping into his voice.

“I MIGHT..... (God this was humiliating)...I might need to spend the night at yours Bev...I left my keys back at the stadium...”

Eddie scowled, ignoring the smug faces that Mike and Beverly were sending each over from their seats. He peeped towards Richie's direction (avoiding his StUpId FaCe) and noted that the tall boy's legs were jigging in a frenzy. Beside him, Stan was looking outside the window. He seemed to be focused on a seagull that was perched on the gate surrounding the blocks. The seagull appeared to be chocking on a chicken bone. Gross.

Finally they were at Bill's. Bill said goodnight to the group, before walking back to the flats as the others waved to him from the car.

Richie didn't wait to step out and open Stan's door.

Still completely fixated on the choking seagull outside, Stan didn't really notice that the car had stopped. When his door suddenly flung open he nearly fell out into the curb.

“BYE STAN”, Richie motioned for him to follow Bill, who was still halfway through the carpark.

Stan turned his head back from Bill to Richie with confusion. It took a few seconds to realize that Richie was trying to get him to leave.

His confused face turned into a scowl and he stood up, facing chest to chest with Richie. Both boys were equally tall (as well as skinny LEGENDS), and neither showed signs of stepping back.

“Aren’t you coming with us back to Beverley’s Place”, Asked Mike, leaning back on his seat as he watched the two skinnies having their showdown in front of the Apartment entrance.

“Stanaria’s had a long night”, Richie answered Mike, his glittering eyes settled back into Stans.

“I think it would be better if you went to bed. You know how grouchy you get without your 10:15 glass of milk before story time...”

Stan blushed a little before forcing a smile onto his face. If Richie thinks he’s going to get away with his shenanigans tonight he had another thing coming.

He’s not going to let it end that fucking easily.

“I appreciate the concern DICK.” Richie followed Stan’s steady gaze towards Eddie (who was still sitting with his legs and arms crossed, along with his signature glare). “...but I can’t leave my dATE without an escort”.

Richie’s face fell slightly and Stan stepped back with a wide and confident grin.

(Stanley wasn’t a naturally competitive person, but Richie brought it

out of him tonight.)

Turning his back while congratulating his victory over the night's banter, Stan suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder.

Richie pulled him back and whispered into his ear in a low voice; "You might have won the battle, but are you ready for the war, Stanyel?"

Stan froze.

Giving him a pat, Richie sauntered back into the driver's seat, leaving Stanley to slink into his seat beside's Eddie, who was completely unaware of the shit show that just went down. He looked at the small boy before steadily putting an arm around his shoulder (in the same manner you would use to pet a stray kitten).

Eddie absentmindedly rested his head against Stan (they're first interaction since the milkshake fight a few hours back) but he continued to furrow his eyebrows, his eyes glancing now and again towards Richie's long bouncing legs in annoyance. (It was bouncing up and down faster and faster.)

*(Whether Bev and Ben were choosing to ignore the situation or not is entirely debatable, they were both completely enchanted by a seagull scuttling past that appeared to be wearing a kfc bucket on its head.)*

Stan looked into Richie's eyes from his rear view mirror and the curly haired boy gave him a death glare.



The car was filled with a heavy tension.

Richie started the engine and they were now back on the road. Beverly and Ben were chattering away. It looked like they both forgot that there was now a space for Beverly to sit down, but Ben looked more than happy to continue the ride as a human chair. Eddie was slowly nodding out of consciousness, the bumpy road preventing him from fully drifting away, as Richie continued to drive in silence, looking now and again on Google maps at the address Bev had given him earlier.

Stan's head was pounding....he...really had a craving for a glass of milk. He glanced at his watch. 10:15. Ughh.

He unconsciously started to fidget, triggering Eddie to let out a small groan as he was still tucked beside him, trying to drift off.

"Hey Stan", Mike piped up. Stan looked at Mike.

"I heard you like birds? Bill told me you liked them?"

Stan was caught off guard by the random question.

"Uh...yeah." He replied.

"Fuckin sick". Mike soulfully looked out the window and then rotated his upper torso to face Stan.

"What's your favourite bird"?

Stan scrambled around in his brain. That's a freaking loaded

question.

“There’s too many to choose from, Mike”, He finally said, moving a stray curl across his forehead.

Mike nodded as if he totally got what Stan was saying.

“I totally get what you’re saying” Mike pointed at himself.

“I myself can’t decide. Right now it’s a tie between Donald and Pingu”.

*Stanley returned into a corpse like state until the end of the car ride to Bev’s apartment.*

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

zoo wee mama.

Eddie totally noticed that richie and stan were talking about something together away from the car, which got him curious... but Mike had directed everyones attention towards a seagull committing cannibalism..which was admittedly more interesting. So ye. Eddie has no god dang tootin idea about the storm coming...

UP NEXT: mikes not allowed any alcohol :(

## 14. AHM....."shit".

### Summary for the Chapter:

Stanlett the manlett, richie the bitchy.....  
.....and eddie the reddie ;)

....mike the BIKE

### Eddie:

#### *Beverly's place*

They were now back in bev's shITTY apartment. Mike and Ben were swaying to some shITTY music while Richie was helping himself to a can of shITTY beer, talking to SHITTY Beverly. Eddie rested himself against the countertop and angrily stabbed his caprisun with his straw, creating a puncture that began to leak down his small fist. "Shit".

"Eddie if you say shit one more *fucking* time", Beverly turned to the small boy with her finger pointed. Richie guffawed into his beer.

"WatCh YoUr PrOfAnItY", Mike mimed a threatening face at them, mimicking Beverly's pointed hands as his lower body continued to sway (out of rhythm) to the music that was playing.

**(Now that the others were actually listening, rather than music, the two boys were apparently swaying to dolphin noises, the**

sound of seals clapping their flippers ran through the apartment.)

Eddie pouted, avoiding Richie (whom he had begun to notice was taking little pointed glances at him now and again as he chattered with Beverly about sHIIIIIIIT), squished the soiled caprisun into a small mug from the cupboard and then waltzed over and plonked himself on the sofa next to Stan.

“Stop being so obvious”, Beverly whispered to Richie, who had an utterly dopey expression on his face as he watched Eddie scuttle off.

“You’re watching him like a dingo Richie...he’s gonna notice”.

“I hope he does”, Richie craned his neck awkwardly, frowning at the sight of Eddie joining Stan on the sofa.

He looked back to Beverly and crossed his arms to his chest, his beer can lowered slightly. “Hey umm....Beverly”, he asked, “Are you into Bill?”

Beverly went completely red, camouflaging with her hair. “Whu...where did you get thAT idea?” She spluttered, looking at Richie with a mix of suspicion and queasiness. Richie shot her a look of understanding.

“I can see it Beverly. On your face”, he booped her nose and she gave out a low, defeated laugh.

“Guess were both just open books, Huh Richie”, she sighed.

The tall boy offered her his beer and she reached out and took a long swig. Wiping her hand across her mouth, she leaned back to rest against the wall.

“He’s...not really interested though... is he”.

This came out more like a statement rather than a question. Beverly had been working on getting a date with Bill ever since she first saw him while attending Mike’s first game of the New Year. With his soft blue eyes and classic good looks, contrasting with his cute stutter, Beverly was pretty much into him almost immediately.

“Beverly”, Richie answered her in a low, slightly apologetic voice. “I’m sorry you didn’t know, but Bill likes someone else. She’s doing his BA course...I’m really sorry”. Rich apologised again, not really knowing what else to say. Beverly looked a little resigned.

“...Is she cute”?

“Uhhh...”

(Richie’s brain scrambled for words. He settled on honesty.)

“Yeah...she...umm...she sort of stutters a little like Bill...but like...When she’s nervous...and stuff...” He cringed to himself.

Beverly’s hand shot out to the counter, reaching once again to take a swig of beer.

“Figures.” She muttered.

.....

Thinking of a way to fix the (depressing af) mood, Richie took the beer from Beverly and moved in close, his head lowered down a bit so that he was inches away from her, shielding the view of everyone else. “I’ll tell you something though, Beaver”, He smiled. “Something good...maybe...”

Beverly scowled at him slightly (She grabbed back the beer and held onto it, her fist gripped around the bottle).

“There’s nothing you could say to me right now that will make me feel better, butthead”, she moped with a degree of misery.

Richie practically buzzed in response to her challenging words. “Welllll....I know that it sucks how the Bill ship has sailed...” Beverly listened on vaguely, downing down the beer a third time,

“...but at least you’ve still got Ben!”

Beverly’s eyes practically leaped out her head, the beer dribbled from her chin as she began to cough roughly. The other boy’s looked towards them in alarm and returned to whatever they had been doing at the sight of Richie giving them a shooping wave, his left hand patting the girl on the back as the coughs died down.

“I’ve still got...what?!” She croaked her face in complete disbelief. “Since WHEN Richie!?”

Richie snickered. “Since probably the first time he saw you. Were not the only open books around here” They both leaned over to take a look at Ben, doing a crude variation of the flamenco with Mike. He noticed that he was being watched and gave Richie and Beverly a big sweet smile.

They both quickly shot back into place and huddled in close. “This is wayyyyy to much to process right now”, Beverly put her hands to her head. “I think I’m about to explode.”

“That’s funny...actually, Ben’s been saying the same thing about you!.. Since that football game back in January”, Richie grinned. Beverly looked back at him, then back to Ben. Colour was returning to her face, a light pink tinge smattered across her cheeks.

“I need to think about this...don’t tell him I know, alright Rich!?”

Richie chuckled.

“Don’t tell him I told you”.

Stan was currently in the middle of blocking Richie on all his social media accounts. He managed to get his account flagged on insta once...he could do it again!

Eddie looked at him up and down, conscious that Stan's mind was elsewhere.

"Uh...hey Stan...I'm sorry about ditching you after...what happened..." Eddie faced the table in front of him.

Now that he was feeling, albeit still mad, but more composed, he couldn't help but feel embarrassed about what had gone down. The evening had started out so promising...There Eddie was, with his friends, a cute guy in a football arena NOT in Derry, watching his bestie Mike kick ass on the field. Sure, most of the conversation was initiated by him...but it was nice to feel normal. Even for a bit.

That was...until that dumbass Richie had showed up.

Eddie craftily sneaked another look at Richie. "Ah! Damn", their eyes met and after around 3 seconds the two boys finally turned their faces away in unison.

*Beverly noticed. Stan didn't.*

As the red head nudged at Richie and giggled something inaudible from the distance, Stan made a cackling noise. He had a notification telling him that a certain account was now under review.

He chirped out a low hum as he stuck his phone back into his pocket; finally back into the relaxed state he was in earlier that evening. He clocked that Eddie had been speaking and looked into the boy's round brown eyes. "Oh...uh...Don't worry about it" Stan smiled reassuringly, "He just has that effect on people".

Eddie sent a soft smile his way, leading Stan to begin edging himself closer to Eddie...when suddenly Richie swung over the couch, swooping in right between the two boys.



“What was that, Stanlet the manlett?”

Beverly shook her head in shame at Richie as she made her way towards Mike and Ben (who had moved on from dolphin noises to barnyard animals. Every now and again, the odd MOO would ring across the apartment)

Stan grimaced at the latest nickname Richie had bestowed upon him and moved himself away in slight disappointment at the interruption.

Eddie felt the need to let out a laugh but swallowed it. **“It’s not funny”**, his brain warned him, **“Richie isn’t Funny!”**

Rich stretched out his legs onto the coffee table and scooped both his arms around the other two boys, one around Stans shoulder and the other around Eddie’s waist. Eddie was once again hyperventilating slightly.

.....The Nerve!!!

“SOOOOOOOOO”, Richie turned to Eddie, not noticing that the boy’s eyes were practically bulging out in disbelief at his FrEaKiNg insolence, “What do you like to do when you’re not wearing scrubs and giving your patient’s bubble baths?”

“That’s not part of the job, Dickhead!” Eddie spluttered, trying to wriggle out of Richie’s hold.

He was forced to give up as it appeared he wasn’t going to let him go.

Eddie sighed, “I’m doing an Oncology Nursing degree, alright? No fucking bubble baths”.

Richie leaned in. “But Eds, what if it’s on request?”

*(Richie doesn’t know what Oncology means lmao)*

Stan smacked Richie’s arm off his shoulder and shoved him. “Why don’t you make like a tree and leaf, trashmouth”?

Richie let out a massive laugh then turned his back on Stan, facing closer to Eddie.

“How about you and I make like a fart and blow this shithole”?

**Eddie couldn’t fucking get his head around what was going on. The guy who has been practically harassing him for the past few weeks...was...hitting on him? (...sort..... of??)**

Stan put his arm onto Richie’s shoulder, turning him back over so that he could hiss insults into the boy’s face.

Eddie watched dumbly as they began to mimic each others voices as they bickered, Richie’s finger was stuck up Stan’s nose as the other had his fist tugging hard on Richie’s shirt. They looked as if they were seconds away from throwing each other down and just going ape

shit.

Considering that they were both of similar height and weight, Eddie wasn't sure who would win.

*Beverly and the other two boys were completely oblivious to all this. They had ditched the music and were now sitting together in the kitchen, eating a carrot cake from a small box that read "Property of Isabel, please don't touch, and that means you Beverly!!!!*

Eddie groaned to himself, wishing he hadn't left his keys. He could be in bed right now!!

From the back of his mind he heard a small dinging noise. Richie put up his hand to Stan's face (removing his finger from his nose), indicating for them to pause their argument. Stan gave him an evil little smile, knowing exactly what was to come...

"Stan you little asshole", Rich gritted his teeth; "you fucking got my insta disabled....agAIN!!"

Stan let out a winning smile and put his arms behind his head, watching the boy in specs as he muttered to himself, his face buried into his phone. Eddie thought this was as good a time as any to take his leave. He stood himself up and tried to nod his head to gain Stan's attention, hoping he would join him with the others in the kitchen.

As he motioned across the sofa towards the blonde boy, Richie swiped the tab on his phone and clicked the home button.

Eddie had briefly looked towards him as he placed his phone onto the table. His eyes locked onto Richie's phone background.

**“IS THAT ME?”**

Richie and Stan immediately twisted their heads up at Eddie, Stan (in confusion) and Richie (in pure blind panic)

Eddie was pointing at the phone. On it was a photo of Eddie from that night when Bill had his party. Eddie's eyes were as big as saucers, his face illuminated by the flashing light that had blinded him when the picture had been taken. The memories of that night spiralled back into Eddie's mind; the loud obnoxious laughter Richie had made prior to taking the picture filled his ears.

Eddie's face grew red and he tore his eyes away from the phone to meet Richie's.

“Do you get off on making fun of me!?” Eddie shrieked “What the fuck is your problem!!”

“Eddie, it's not what you think!!”

Richie stood up to look down on Eddie, scooping up his phone and roughly jamming it into his pocket. “I'm not making fun of you...I mean...sure I've been messing around but I...”

**“That'S IT!! I DONT WANT TO HEAR IT!!”**

Eddie shoved his way past them both and stomped upstairs to Beverly's room.

Richie was visibly sweating as he watched the smaller boy disappear upstairs. "He muttered a low "Fuck it", and followed after him.

Stan got up, Worried about what was about to go down. Raking his hand across his curls, he began to step towards the staircase behind Richie when he felt something pull him back.

He turned to find Beverly looking up at him, her face frowning as she tugged onto the hem of Stanley's shirt. She had heard Eddie's (familiar) shriek from the kitchen and had witnessed him practically jumping up the stairs, watching Richie following after in panic.

"Stan, sorry about this but... do you mind if we leave them to sort this out?" She pleaded slightly "It's getting tiring for all of us and I think they really need to deal with this properly".

(Beverly knew that it was unfair to pick sides, especially towards some one else's love life, but while sitting at that game earlier that evening, she could feel it inside her gut that Stan wasn't right for Eddie. It didn't appear that they were connecting in any way. She could hardly focus on eating her third hotdog as she listened to Eddie desperately chattering, trying with all his might to get a response from Stan...who had appeared to her to have been sleeping with his eyes open)

Stan looked up at the stairs. He spent a minute deep in thought and then let out a loud sigh, before taking a step down.

His energy has officially run out for the night. “.....Any cake left?” he muttered, his eyes still looking up the stairs.

“There’s one slice left with your name on it”, Beverly smiled kindly, her hand now directing him towards the kitchen (Where Mike and Ben may or may not be giving each other Santa makeovers with whipped cream)

Stan thought back to how he had been feeling earlier that night. How weird Richie had been since Bill’s get together and ...how fucking intense his migraine was getting.

He faced Beverly and looked into her hopeful face as she waited for his answer in patience. He could always kick Richie’s ass later...

Stan hoped he was making the right decision.

“.....alright. Let’s go.”

They both made their way to the kitchen.

It was now time for Richie and Eddie to get their SHIT together.....



Eddie: "Do you get off on making fun of me?! What the fuck is your problem?!?"

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Stan isn't really the type who lives online. Sure, he has the standard FB account all kids probably got around the age of 12, he was practically forced to have a snap, as the people on his course often shared notes there and refused to use messenger. That left Instagram. Stanley liked insta actually, he liked the pictures and the lack of pointless drivel of word vomit people posted (One of the reasons he stopped using FB, all the random posts people would make about their..ughh..personal lives..")

On richie's insta account there was a close up photo of his knobbly knee's after a long day of skateboarding. He had taken a pretty nasty fall, but despite the pain he thought that the scrape looked pretty aesthetic, snapping up a photo.

Everytime Stan was pissed with Richie, he simply reported the image under the guise that the knee's were infact..a knobbly pair of tits.

Despite the amount of time's Richie has had his account disabled because of this, he still never removed the pic.

Because Richie wasn't gonna let him win. Not now. Not ever.

Ben and Mike are kInDrEd sPiRiTs....

Coming next: "How i met my Stanley" :)



## **15. bUTT-mitzvah**

### **Summary for the Chapter:**

Eddie: " dumb stinking little ass, no good shit eating little ass, frizzy haired no brain little ass....."

Ritchie: (Nods in sexy )

Richie:

As Richie charged up the staircase in pursuit of Eddie, he heard the sound of a door slamming hard a short distance away.

With caution, he carefully shifted into a slower pace as he reached the top steps. In front of him was what appeared to be Beverly's room (judging from her name, graffiti'd in red on the white door, below a large poster of NKOTB, an 80's band that Richie only knew about because Ben was ObSeSsEd with them....)

The other two rooms had the name's Isabel and Radha neatly written. Completely bare other than that.

**There were two other girls who lived in the apartment (Amahle and Audra), who were hardly ever around) but their rooms were downstairs.**

Standing in front of Beverly's door, Richie was starting to get queasy. No doubt Eddie was in there. That little leprechaun was probably sticking pins into a voodoo doll version of himself right at this moment. Richie felt pins and needles on his legs.

Shit..shiiiiiiiiiiiiittttt.....

He eyed the other two rooms and sighed.

“Calm...Richie...Calm down”, Richie coached himself.

He looked up to glance at Beverly’s door once again, Picturing Eddie throwing darts onto a target with his face on it.....

“Yeah no”.

Taking a breath, Richie walked to the room with “Radha”, written on it and carefully shut the door behind him.

Inside the room, Rich sat on the bed and took a slow and long breath. From the position of the bed against the wall, Richie rested his foot for a moment against the pink wallpaper on the side of the bed and left a dark shoe print. He looked at it for a moment, before shutting his eyes, his teeth grinding...Jesus will a**NYTHING** GO RIGHT TONIGHT?! Richie sighed. He was grateful to Bev for dealing with Stan downstairs. Knowing Stanley, he was sure to understand that Richie needed to properly make up and clear the air with Eddie...Stanley’s the type to just GET things and.....

He put his palm across his face.

“I’ve been such an asshole to Stan.....ugh”.

Lately, Richie and Stan hadn’t really been on speaking terms, other than rowdy banter here and there that ended up spiralling into actual bitchy cat fights (almost always broken up by Ben, as Bill recorded it to send to his family across the state to show them #STUDENTLIFE)

Richie leaned on the neatly made bed and lay still for a moment, picturing when he and Stan had first met so many years ago.

*At the time, Ben was a ™ Huskyboy and Richie’s glasses made him look like a powerpuff girl.*

*They had both been running from an ass beating from the local bully and swooped into the closest open entrance they could get into. Convinced that the bully had lost their scent, both boys sank onto the floor, relieved.*

*Finally regaining their breath, Ben and Richie both turned their attention to the sound of weird, boppy music playing from down the corridor.*

*Full of curiosity, both the boys traced it and they were met with a massive hall, full of people singing and dancing. There was a table filled with food and presents and a tall blonde boy was standing in the centre of the dancefloor as a group of men danced in a circle around him.*

*Richie noted the shamelessly obvious FAKE smile plastered on his face as*

*two women brought over a wooden chair and motioned for him to sit.*

*The boy gave in and sat on the chair, no longer bothering to smile.*

*Ben and Richie stuffed themselves with bread ("It's called Challah", the caterer told them, wearily, eying their plates which were over piled with food) and watched the men who continued to dance around as the women laughed and clapped along.*

*Suddenly, the men stopped around the boy sitting on the chair (his face almost comically blank) and began to close in on him. Richie and Ben placed down their plates and moved closer to get a better look at what was going on. Their eyes grew wide in shock as the men pulled up the chair, hoisting the boy into the air.*

*The circle of men had dispersed into a crowd and the boy in the chair seemed to be having an incredibly composed panic attack as the men began bouncing up and down to the music.*

*...Of fucking course, Richie and Ben began to join in, bouncing along with the men as the boy was literally pissed himself with fear.*

*He must have been light, as the chair was passed along easily between the men every minute as they rotated around the space.*

*Out of nowhere, Richie felt someone lift his arm up and he began to feel pressure against his fingers.*

*He looked up.*

*Crapcrapcrapcrapcrap.....Looks like it was his turn to scare the kid shitless by jiggling the chair.*

*Ben (Knowing full and well that Rich had the strength of an actual leaf) ran opposite Richie and took hold of the other two legs of the chair.*

*The blonde boy looked down on them both worriedly.*

*Slowly, his expression quickly shifted from confusion to open suspicion.*

*“Who the fuck are you two”? He asked his voice completely cold dead ass.*

*Both Ben and Ritchie froze, holding up the boy (who was glaring) in the chair above them. A few men stopped bopping and they properly looked at the boys who were now quite obviously intruders.*

*(Richie and Ben were so scared, they were shaking and they didn't know it...but the boy in the chair fucking knew it. He gripped the edge of his seat for support as the two boys began to sense the anger filling the room)*



*The boy in the chair wasn't really panicking now. Ben and Richie weren't going super fast and they were holding the chair steadily enough..He looked like a king being paraded through town by his (fukn stupid) stallions.*

*He WAS getting a little bored now though.*

*Reaching down, he looked at the top of Richie's frizzy curls and gave him a soft and delicate KICK on his head. Richie stopped immediately and turned his face behind him. Ben sensed that they were slowing down and reached to a halt.*

*“WHO THE FUCK DID THAT?!”*

*The boy above face palmed.*

*“You guys...are so fucking stupid”.*

*Richie and Ben both looked up, screamed out in unison, then dropped the chair, causing for the boy to land on top of them both in a heap on the floor.*

**Current Richie smiled to himself.**

*After getting out of that human pile, the boy's looked at each over and slowly began to laugh.*

*They awkwardly introduced themselves to each other (Chair boy revealed himself to be \*DRUMROLL\* STANLEY URIS)*

*He later revealed that they had just kidnapped (more like saved, he admitted) him from his Bar mitzvah.*

*“I was going to watch Frankenweekie with my dad after the ceremony...just him and me”, Stan had confessed to the other two boys over a mcflurry in the park.*

***(An apology/Bar Mitzvah Gift from Richie and Ben)***

*“We barely talk to each other...I mean...other than when he’s yelling at me about some bullshit...I was really excited for today...thought things would be different considering..y’know...It’s my birthday”.*

*Both boys listened, digging into their ice cream with a mixture of hunger and concern over what they were hearing.*

*“My dad fucking pushed me every chance he got...and after the ceremony...he was gone...He couldn’t wait to get out of there”.*

***Richie remembered how hurt Stanley looked at that moment.***

*“Why not go with your friends”, Ben asked innocently as he tried to feed himself his ice cream with those fucking stupid mcflurry straws/spoon things.*



*Stan had made a face and looked away, earning Ben a well deserved elbow jab from Richie.*

*“What my friend Benidorm is trying to ask is...do you want to go with us instead? Seeing as your dad isn’t around and all...uh...but like, you don’t have to if yo....”*

*“It starts at 4, we can make it if we go now”, Stan answered. He was already standing, raring to go.*

*Ben and Ritchie grinned at each other as the three made their way out the park.....*

Richie sighed.

And now here he was.

Sitting in some girl’s room (Some girl’s SUPER cute room tf this girl was an ARTISTE sryslly), in the other room his crush was probably plotting his demise, and downstairs one of his best friend’s was...probably also plotting his demise.....

...and why?

“Because you’re an idiot Richie. You’re a mcfreaking dumb stinking little, no good shit eating...uh...”

“Frizzy haired no brain moron..?”

Richie nodded in agreement with the voice, “Yeah..No good shit eating frizzy haired no brain moro....”

Richie shot up from the bed.

Eddie leaned against the wide open bedroom door. He was looking at Richie in a way that made the tall boy’s heart spazz manically in his chest.

Eddie wasn’t smiling but he wasn’t exactly frowning either. He had a

mischievous look to him as he slowly got up to close the door, making his way to the edge of the bed.

Richie recoiled slightly at the sudden company, his long legs curling up to his chest.

“Mind if I sit here?”

Eddie’s eyebrows were raised.

Richie looked at him and after a long moment of silence; he got back into motion, blushing a bit as he patted the space in front of him, indicating for Eddie to sit.

The boy crossed his arms and took a breath as he sat down carefully, keeping a little distance.

“Now...” He said after veeeeeeery long pause,

“Tell me more about what an idiot you are”.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

Next chapter.....richie tries to go steady with eddie who is bitchy because richie has tried that already and ben back then was husky and musky but now hes buff like shia lebeouff...sky?

....coming up: the boy's talk.....

## 16. You make me wanna BEEP BEEP

### Summary for the Chapter:

Heads up, Mike isn't drunk or anything, hes just like that.

PROCEED.

### Richie and Eddie:

*They sat there on the bed, neither of them talking. Just looking at each other expectantly, Waiting.*

Richie began first.

“Eddie...I’m really sorry about what happened a few weeks ago at Bill’s...and then at the game...and...Uh...so on”, Richie tried to move into a more sexy position, leaning his back against the big pink fluffy pillow behind him, one of his hands awkwardly gripping onto the back of his thighs as his legs lay long across the centre of the bed.

(It looked to Eddie like he was trying to pull out a wedgie).

“You’ve been a real turd Richie” Eddie blankly replied, one of his eyebrows were still raised as he sat crossed legged on the side of the bed.

"Haha...yeah, definitely not the best first impression..."

**Shit. Richie could feel his sweatiness return, which was nOT the look he wanted Eddie to see.**

Eddie let out a low hum and repositioned himself further into the bed, his hands resting on Richie's Feet. He turned to look where his hands were touching and visibly took a breath; his frown grew a bit deeper. Richie watched Eddie with wide eyes as he began to slowly remove off his shoes, throwing them onto the floor. In a beat, Eddie looked up to Richie with a scowl.

"Don't wear shoes on someone else's bed, you fucking savage".

**For the short time that Richie's known Eddie, he's sort of gotten the hint that despite the asthmatic boy's sweet and neat appearance, inside he had the mouth of a sailor and the temper of Hulk...If Eddie were to swap bodies with Ben...he would be fucking dANGEROUS!!**

**... But looking across to the pouting boy, with his tomato red cheeks and furrowed little brows as he huffed about how UnsAnItArY dirty shoes were on sheets....the only thing on Richie's mind was...**

**"CUTE CUTE CUTE!!"**

Before he could even stop himself, Richie bended over from his sitting position and delicately smooshed Eddie's cheeks together. "Ed's you are TOO cute!!"

Eddie looked at him in complete shock, his cheeks squished together between Richie's long fingers.

There was a pause in which Richie realized the big no-no he just committed. He released the (totally stunned) boy from his grasp and quickly sank back into his previous position.

....uh oh. This was probably not the time to unleash his suppressed intentions towards Ed's...especially now as they were meant to be making up...not attempting to make out...

**(God Richie wanted to make out with Eddie...oh god...oh fuck...but anyway...)**

Another second passed and Richie was fully expecting to receive another stupidly strong kick into the side of his ribs again. He closed his eyes in anticipation.

Nothing came.

Richie opened one eye to check if the smaller boy was alright, or if he had broken his brain or something. He wasn't expecting to see Eddie's face, completely flushed pink as he looked onto the bed sheets with a shy expression. Richie's heart did the rumba.

"...So you..." Eddie said in a small, almost whispery voice. "So you don't...hate...me?"

Richie could believe how much he hated himself at that moment. Was he so shit at flirting that any contact he tries to make with the person he likes came across as a hate crime?? Ok, so this IS the first time he's ever been...well...like tHiS! Sure, Richie has had crushes in the past...but maybe it was his charming personality...or his sex god body that had made everything so easy before....

But now.....!?!

Ritchie has never been such a mess over ANYONE!! And Eddie was to blame, no doubt!! Its EDDIE'S fault he's lost his Casanova skills. It's EDDIE'S fault that just the mere thought of him and Stan even holding hands made him want to throw up on them, IT'S ED....

"It's all my fault".

Richie's thought bubble popped. "What?" He asked dumbly.

"It's entirely my fault, isn't it", Eddie gave him a small guilty shrug, not meeting his eyes. "You're clearly uncomfortable that I'm around Stanley, aren't you?"



Richie was sitting upright now. The air around the room got tense.

Eddie continued, "I'm not sure if it's the whole...us being gay thing...or if you like Stan or just don't want your friend to be taken away...but seriously Richie, don't worry about it".

Richie had his mouth open, ready to protest till he caught onto the last part of what Eddie said.

"Don't worry about what Eddie?" He asked, his voice an octave lower.

Eddie looked into Richie's face, "I don't think Stan and I would work out anyway...he's definitely handsome (Richie grimaced at that lmao), but tonight I got the same feeling around him the way I do when I'm with Mike and Beverly."

Eddie laid across Ritchie's thighs, his legs curled to one side as he looked up at him with his big sad chocolaty eyes.

"I don't like being babied".

God in heaven...if hearts could get boners....

Richie softly rested his hand onto Eddie's open palm.

"Eddie...I'm bisexual myself. I have absolutely no issues whether Stan like's dick or not."

Eddie looked relieved to hear this.

“And speaking of Stan” Richie had a big grin plastered on his face, “...he’s a pain in the ass, not a pain up my ass!”

Eddie paused for a moment and then began to laugh out loud. It was like music to Richie’s ears. The tension in the room fizzled out, replaced with a feeling of warmth. Both the boy’s were laughing now, Richie’s mind still subconsciously aware that he was gripping Eddie’s hand, sort of praying that Eddie wouldn’t notice (and if he did, praying that he didn’t mind)

As the laughter began to die down a little, Eddie had a thoughtful expression on his face. Richie openly stared at him with a dreamy expression.

“What else Ed’s? You can tell me”

Eddie brushed off the nickname and looked at Richie’s hand resting on his (YIPE!)

“....It still doesn’t explain why you’ve been picking on me”.

Richie gripped Eddie’s hand and cradled it like a magic 8 ball, fiddling with his smaller fingers ,his face fully focused

(He sure hoped he looked focused, inside Richie's head he was desperately trying to find an explanation behind his passive aggressive flirting style without actually outing it as flirting)

He finally came up with "I'm always like that with new people Eddie, It's just one of my many irredeemable qualities"

Eddie looked at him, full of doubt. "I wouldn't call being a total shit lord an irredeemable quality."

Richie gripped his chest. "Jesus Christ... Eddie...I...I think...you just totally fucking owned me..." Richie fell flat on the bed dramatically, earning a small giggle from Eddie.

***"AaAaAaAaAaAAAAAA SOCUTESOCUTE"***

Richie looked at Eddie, a more serious expression now on his red tinged face.

"Eddie, I swear to you...I don't hate you. Not at all. Not even a teeny tiny bit."

Eddie moved in a little closer, listening to the gangly boy with full attention.

Richie carefully thought what he was going to say next. Will he risk it? He looked at the freckled boy's face, moving closer towards him.

Richie was gonna risk it.

“I don’t think it’s even possible to hate anyone as cute as you. It’s probably not even legal”.

Eddie’s face turned a deeper shade of pink (I don’t want to say salmon because it doesn’t sound sexy but basically salmon) and his face broke open into a big smile.

“You think I’m cute?”

Richie’s heart began to thump, he mentally cursed how sweaty his hand was on Eddie’s (Through he definitely wasn’t planning on letting go any time soon)

“I think you’re crazy cute Eddie”, Richie bounced back, “Like...it’s almost ridiculous”.

Eddie crawled in a little closer (loooooool Beverly would be proud, her bby got gAME!!)

They were now staring right at each other, their faces only a little bit apart. Eddie was smiling and Ritchie was returning the favour, his eyes shooting down to Eddie’s lips once or twice.

Fuck he hoped Eddie didn’t notice that. Shit he did it again. Ah! Shit...Again!?

Richie blinked a few times behind his thick glasses, mentally restraining himself from looking down.

His eyes betrayed him as Eddie began to speak. He lazily outlined Richie's face with hooded lids, the warm brown colour of Eddie's eyes looked almost like honey up close.

"Richie..." Eddie asked, his voice sweet as sugar.

"Y...yEah?" Richie's voice wobbled.

"If I'm so ridiculously cute, "He batted his long eyelashes,

".... D'you think you could delete that pic you have of me from your phone?"

Richie looked at him blankly, his brain computing it all slowly. His shoulders eased down (admittedly a little disappointed). Quickly regaining his composure, he slowly returned Eddie's sweet smile, batting his eyelashes at the boy in return.

"HMMMM.....No."

Richie cried out as Eddie grabbed the pink fluffy pillow and began to suffocate him with it. Richie toppled Eddie over and wrapped the rose bed sheets around him, turning Eddie into a human burrito. They were once again laughing together, completely oblivious to the

site of Beverly watching them from the open door.

“All good, boys?” She asked, her eyebrows raised and arms crossed eerily similar to how Eddie’s were before.

Both of the boys squawked, looking across to the red head in surprise. Eddie was still tightly wrapped up in the sheets as Ritchie towered over him. The bespectacled boy got up and Eddie pushed the blankets off. Beverly looked around the room, specifically at the messy bed and what appeared to be a shoe mark on one of the baby pink painted walls. Obviously THAT wasn’t done by Eddie. She looked at Richie questionably.

“I uh...I had a Zac Efron moment”, Richie raised his hands up, a little embarrassed. Eddie gave out a low laugh.

“What were you even doing in this room anyway Richie?” He gave Richie a sideways glance, “ I was in Beverly’s room having a tantrum and I heard someone kicking shit around in here, I had no choice but to check it out. “

Richie chuckled. “I had to mentally prepare for my funeral Eddie...you looked like you were going to rip my spine out and play it like a xylophone”.

This earned a laugh from Beverly, her folded arms sinking to her waist as Eddie elbowed Richie in the stomach (he had been planning to give him a purple nurple but he was too short ahahHAHAHAAA....)

“Forget about the room guys, I’ll sort it”, both boys looked relieved to hear this. Beverly stood aside as they both exited the pink palace and she shut the door behind them.

Upon climbing down the stairs and entering the kitchen, the trio were welcomed to the sight of Ben sitting inside the sink, shirtless as he held on to a big wooden spoon. Sitting on the stool opposite was Mike (also shirtless) who had a completely wasted Stanley lying across his lap as he snapped pics of Ben.

“Bev, you really should hide your booze better” Eddie muttered as Beverly looked over to Mike, completely defeated.

Mike noticed them for a minute, then resumed taking pics of Ben, who was doing a very convincing Darla Dimple impression as he cheekily turned on the tap (Yelping, as he hadn’t realised he turned it to cold, not hot water)

“Were re creating our baby photos”. Mike answered Beverly, sensing what she was going to ask.

She only nodded.

For once, Richie couldn’t think of anything to say.

Beverly looked at him and put her hand onto his back. “I would have left you two up there a little while longer but...”she motioned towards the hooligans.

**(Stanley was now taking off his shirt, pulling Mike over to the**

sink as he handed Ben the camera as he climbed out, completely soaked)

“No...No don’t worry about it “Richie finally found his mouth working again, “I think it’s time I took the kids home anyway” Richie walked over to Ben, attempting to put the boy’s shirt back over his head as he snapped pics.

We should go guy’s, I gotta take yall to school in the morning”.

At this, Ben stopped taking photos and turned to Richie, “Just a sec dad, let me get my BOOTS”

Ben got up as he struggled to put his shirt over his head. As he walked out the kitchen a distant WUAH was heard, clearly the sound of someone falling over. Beverly giggled. Eddie rolled his eyes.

Arms around Mike, Stanley drunkenly tried to peer past the kitchen door.

“Ritchie B...Ben wasn’t wearing boots”, He drawled.

Ben re entered the kitchen wearing a pair of red heels.

“I’m ready papa”, He smiled innocently.

Everyone in the kitchen erupted into laughter.



Everyone said their goodbyes at the door, Ben was being held up by Mike and Richie had his arm around Stanley, who was emitting a low groan as his fingers dug into his temple. Beverly gave them each a hug and Eddie fist bumped Ben (He wasn't about to risk getting a vomit shower, the big guy looked a second away from blowing chunks)

Stanley looked at Eddie. Eddie looked back. There was an understanding between them and they both gave each other private smiles. Richie saw it but he didn't think into it. Judging from what Eddie had said earlier, he didn't really need to.

He gave Eddie a flirty wink, who rolled his eyes in return (hiding a tiny blush as he looked away)

Once they reached the car, Mike delicately settled Ben beside the driver's seat and Stanley spread himself across the back. Richie thanked him and hugged him, before Mike swiftly looked into the back window, knocking against the glass.

Stanley wearily looked up and from the rear view mirror; Richie noticed a little flush of colour spread on the blonde's face as he gave Mike a little wave, before he walked back into the apartment.

"HMMMMMM", Thought Richie.

"Interesting"

As he started up the engine, His phone made a ping noise. He looked at his notifications

### **ONE NEW MESSAGE:**

*Hey, it's Beverly! If your free tomorrow after class could you come and take Eddie back to his dorm? He's free all day so you can come over whenever! Xxx Also tell Ben he looks sexy in my heels ;)*

Richie let out a big whooping noise. This calls for a celebration!!

Richie reached for the AUX and all three of the boy's eardrums began to vibrate as Mr blue sky blared from the speakers at full volume.

“LET’S GET IT BOY’S!!!”

They screamed all the way home.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

lol surprise! Finally, I can pull out the Stanley/Mike tag from my ass and smack it onto the fic :)))))) I think this might be my fav chapter so far! Though i DO have juicy plans for whats coming nexxtttttt

UP NEXT: ...Stan is literally the daddy type...that is..he was the daddy type...but it looks like he's about to get a taste of that Tozier fuck up Syndrome ...

## 17. MOAN ALONE!!!

### Summary for the Chapter:

Depite not being NSFW...theres alot of moaning in this chapter....lmao.

Looks like stan isn't excempt from a little misunderstanding every now and again ♦♦♦♦♦

Also peep my illustrations. I'm thinknig about adding 1 minimum for each chapter...hrmmmm..

anyway...

### Stan:

Stanley woke up on the living room sofa.

Groaning, he rubbed the back of his head and looked around the room. The sun was shining through the windows and the rays of light illuminated Bens butt.

It appeared that Richie had tried to take the big guy to his room but gave up halfway, leaving him draped over the stairs. Stan pulled himself up and hobbled over to the sleeping boy, who was giggling to himself in his sleep.

Obviously he was in the middle of some kind of *beautiful* dream.

Suddenly Ben let out a (LOUD) sensuous groan that nearly gave Stan a fucking heart attack.

Scratch that, Ben was apparently in the middle of a *wet* dream. Yikes.

Stan took a couple of steps back and had his hands cupped up to his head, fully prepared to rescue his ears from hearing more of Ben's dream world audio. A few seconds passed and no more groans were released. Ben had returned to low giggles, allowing a relieved Stan to return his long arms to its signature fold in the front of his chest. He looked down onto the sleeping boy's peaceful face.

Well.... At least he looked comfortable

Turning his back to Ben, Stan let out a prolonged yawn and stepped into the kitchen and through the sliding doors onto the balcony.

Resting over the Balcony's ledge was Richie. He had a cigarette hanging from his mouth as he lazily looked down at the people walking on the streets below. He was (for once) without his coke bottle glasses, which made his viewing incredibly difficult. The boy squinted at the ant-like visuals scuttling up and down the roads. Stan had not realized that Richie was there and plonked himself on the white plastic chair beside him, releasing a sigh as he looked at the view. Richie turned around with his elbows resting on the Balcony ledge and removed his cigarette from his mouth.

"How's the hangover, Stanasourus?"

Being addressed out of nowhere had stunned Stan. He jumped up slightly and cursed himself at the sight of Richie, whose sleepy grin was beginning to grow a little wider.

"Don't you have anywhere else to be Richard", Stanley grumbled. Richie's grin shrank a little as he took a seat next to the blonde, his

cigarette-less hand patting him on the back.

“Me? No....but you on the other hand...”

Stan looked at him with open annoyance. “What the hell are you talking about Ri...!?!”

Stanley’s eyes grew wide; his hand scrambled inside his pockets and he pulled out his phone to check the time.

“Shit shit SHIT!!!” He yelled out loud as Richie got up and settled back to his previous leaning position on the ledge.

Stanley sank deep into his chair, the hand holding his phone was hanging loose beside him as he stared out into the blue morning sky. “That’s a year of perfect attendance down the shitting drain”, Stan gritted his teeth slightly. Richie nodded to himself before he resumed facing him once again.

“Yeeeah...that will be \$50”.

Stan twisted his face into a look of annoyance.

“...And why should I be giving you any cash, fucking kibitzer?”

Richie clutched his crotch with his free hand and made a low moaning noise, similar to the **UNNACEPTABLE** sounds Ben had made a few moments before.

“I love it when you use your magic words against me Stanny”, Richie bit his lip and rubbed his nipples.

“It’s only 11 and I’m fEeLiNg HoT AnD bOtHeReD aLrEaDy!”

**Fuck sake, he really knew how to piss Stanley off.**

Sensing that the hung over boy was already getting to the end of his rope, Richie calmly stubbed out his cigarette.

“Didn’t we make a deal that if you ever missed a class you’d pay up? Was I tripping or did you not say that to me at some point this year? I can remember you being pretty smug about it too”.

Irritation shot through the vein on Stanley’s forehead as he stood up to level the gawky boy.

“The only reason we left Beverly’s apartment last night was because you said you had to drive us to class in the morning!! Your clearly the only one who didn’t drink last night and you’ve been awake this whole time you could have woken us up Richie this was fucKING SABOTAGE YOU GOD DAMN PIECE OF SHI...”.

**“WUHASHAHAAHAHGHGHG!?!?!”**

Stanley stopped (mid-insult) and the two boys almost bumped into each other as they both scrambled through the sliding doors and across the kitchen into the hallway. At the bottom of the staircase laid Ben, Bill and a tall, skinny brunette. All three of them were groaning, completely entangled in a body pile on the floor.

Bill rubbed the back of his head and gave the girl a hand, “What the h...hell were you doing sleeping on the staircase Ben”? Bill asked as he pulled up the brunette. She re adjusted her top and sat on the stool near the front entrance to re-tie her laces.

“I...I don’t know...I just sort of...woke up here”.

Stan frowned, turning his face slightly towards Richie to give him one of his infamous stink eyes.

Richie ignored it, as usual.

Waltzing to the wooden drawer next to the girl, Richie opened it up and pulled out his thick glasses, then took a seat on top. He placed the thick specs over his head and squinted at her slightly.

“Audra...izzat you”?

“That’s Right Richie”, Audra attempted a small smile, “Audra in the flesh...the bruised...battered flesh...”

Ben sheepishly shot her an apologetic look as he attempted to stand. For some reason it was incredibly difficult. Still half asleep, He wobbled into a crouched position, managing to go two steps before falling back on the ground.

“What happened to your perfect balance Benny?” Richie called out to him; Audra lowered her eyes at the boy. Bill’s eyes followed the girl’s gaze and he let out a gasp when his eyes locked on the broken buckled red heels on Ben’s OGRE feet.

I...don’t remember you I...Leaving the house in those B...Ben..? Bill spluttered, fighting the urge to laugh. Ben peered down and placed both his hands on his face, covering his eyes.

“Oh god Audra, are these yours? Fuck I think I completely wrecked them”.

Indeed, the shoes were completely un-wearable now. One of the straps was twisted around and the other was completely gone, the copper buckle hanging from the side. The heels had been scuffed and whether the shoes had originally been a polished red or plain, it didn't really make a difference now. They looked rusty. Ben had managed to make a pair of shining red kitten heels look...rusty. (OH and one of the heels had snapped LOL Ben Ravished those bad boys)

Audra got up from the stool and kneeled at Ben's Feet. "Hrmmm", she hummed. She turned to Richie, "Where you at mine last night? These might actually belong to one of my flatmates..."

She thought to herself for a moment, her hands around the broken buckle with Ben just standing there awkwardly, trying to be as still as possible as she inspected the damaged heel.

"Yup", she stood up, "Those are Beverleys".

Ben's soul left his body for a few seconds. He sat on the bottom step of the staircase and groaned to himself as Bill freely let out a laugh. This earned him a look from Audra.

"Ah!...Ben's been crushing on Beverly for like..EVER", Bill explained to the girl, whose look of confusion slowly shifted into excitement and interest at this hot gossip.

"BILL!!" Ben squealed.

As the others laughed together, Richie peered at his phone and stood up; catching Stan's attention as he sorted his fluffy curls (oh? So Richie DOES shower...what a relief) in the mirror, before encasing his nickelodeon cartoon character shirt in a black leather jacket.

*(Seriously, the only clothes Stanley ever saw Richie wearing contained a*



*cartoon character of some kind...Once he stops acting like a DICK, maYYBEEE they could actually go clothes shopping outside of the kiddie section. Sheesh)*

“And where are you going”, Ben asked, clearly trying to change the subject as he was still red faced, visibly sweating as his large hands coyly tried to pry the savaged heels off one foot.

Richie gave him a quick look as he opened the front door, “I need to head to Audra’s place and get Eddie back in his dorm”.

“Mind if you give me a lift back to mine”? Audra asked. Richie gave her a thumbs up and she began to put on her cardigan. Bill ran upstairs to get her bag.

Stanley and Ben got up in unison, both of them heading to the coat rack to put on their jackets.

Richie watched them, full of interest.

“Uhh...what’re you queens doing, might I ask?”

Ben did up his buttons and placed a cap over his head. “I need to apologize to Beverly...y’know...because of these?” Ben held up the heels to Richie’s face and he winced at the sight of them. They were so destroyed it was almost painful to look.

“...Noted” Richie replied. He looked at Stanley. “And you, my lord? What’s your reason?”

Stanley looked at him. Bored.

“I’m coming because I’m coming”.

“Oh wow Stan, you sound more like your mum everyday”, Richie smirked. Stanley ignored this remark and pushed past him, making his way out the door and down the stone path towards the car park.

Inside the car, the four university students were relatively quiet. For some reason Stanley chose to sit up beside the driver’s seat, leaving Ben alone in the back with Audra, who happened to have a non ending list of questions regarding his (now not so secret) crush on the red head known as Beverly Marsh.

“Where did you first meet? What do you like most about her? Have you both gone on a date yet? Who made the first move...”?

Ben was still recovering from a pretty bad hangover so Audra had to settle with one word answers (some of the answers being just...grunts. Meh. Audra was a matchmaker. She could work with grunts... for now...)

As the dating game played in the background, Richie and Stan were having an awkward conversation of their own...

“Soooo”, Richie began.

“Don’t.”

Richie tried again.

“...Mike huh?”

Stanley closed his eyes, his fist kneading the skin between his furrowed brows.

“Don’t Richie, I fucking mean it”

Richie put both his hands up, “Hey bud, I’m not judging you, Mike’s a hot piece of...”

“HANDS ON THE FUCKING WHEEL”, Audra, Stan and Ben yelled.

“Okayokayokay”. Richie returned to driving, both hands tightly gripped back on the wheel as he sulked in silence.

The drive was shorter than last time as Richie had purposely taken a detour the night before, solely to piss off Stan. (Every time it looked like the blond was about to pass out, Richie drove round on the speed bumps again...honestly he had no idea why the others hadn't realized that they were going in circles for a good half hour, but anyway...)

**Finally they were parked in the front of Bevs. Richie had been planning to drop off ben and get Eddie into the car, but was alarmed to hear Audra's gasping voice asking "Hey Rich, did Bill give you directions to my place?"**

**Richie stayed quiet. Shit. Not in a million years did he think that the Bill's crush was living with Beverly, who had a crush on Bill herself.**

*This was one trainwreck he wasn't getting into.*

Audra stepped out first. “Want me to let them know your here”? She asked.

Richie waved his hand, “No worries, I just sent them a text”.

Ben climbed out the car, a tattered heel in each hand. “Can I come upstairs with you”?

Audra nodded and the two of them made their way into the building, Ben two steps behind.

Richie got out the car and leaned against the side, taking out a fresh new cigarette from a small box he kept under his car seat. Richie's hand reached through the window and Stan sighed as he opened the glove compartment and handed him a lighter.

"Those will kill you one day Richard", Stanley muttered as he stood out the car and slammed the door shut. "I'll never understand why you willingly choose to tar your lungs like that".

Richie winced, not liking the sound of his full name. He took a big puff and raised his brows.

"Yeah, how about we make an exchange" he took another long drag, "I'll explain to you why I like smoking so much if you help me understand what the fuck you and MIKE were doing last night".

Stan immediately stepped back. He began to splutter, his voice too wobbly to sound as venomous as he wanted. "B...Ben was there too y...you know", Stanley stuttered, rivalling Bill.

Richie condescendingly crossed his arms as he rested a part of his face on the window, looking through the glass into the other side at Stanley.

"I don't think it was Ben who was hanging onto Mike like a Koala..."

Stanley let out a small huff of annoyance. He stomped round the car and joined Richie against the side facing the pavement, mimicking the (slightly taller) boy's posture, his arms tightly folded as he glared forwards.

Richie gave him a toothy grin, the cig dangling lightly between the corner of his mouth.

One win for Richie.

Stanley's face softened. He closed his eyes before looking at Richie in the eyes, as if he was low key (desperately) looking for some kind of reassurance.

"I don't like him like that".

Richie let out a big laugh.

"BULLSHIT!!"

Stanley's face turned hot pink. Richie was still laughing in disbelief as Stan got up to square him in parallel.

"YOU'RE SUCH A LIAR STANLEY, BEVERLY AND I HAD TO PRY YOU OFF HIM JUST TO GET YOU IN THE CAR!!"

"shutupshutup!!!" Stanley hissed, his face getting closer to Richie, their chests almost bumping.

"Your being way too loud...I don't want him to hear you lying through your **big stupid teeth!!**"

Richie was out for blood now.

"I'M A LIAR?! IF YOUR SO GOOD AND HONEST, TELL ME, WERE YOU NOT DREAMING OF MIKE LAST NIGHT!?"

Stanley's face was so red, but inside he was in white hot panic.

How the fuck did Richie know that?!?

The look on Stanley's face betrayed him. This was clearly the response Richie was searching for.

“SHALL I REFRESH YOUR MEMORY?! Richie tucked his cigarette behind his ear and cupped his hands over his face as he began to moan obnoxiously.

“OoOoOoH mIkE YOUR SOoOoOoOoO CUTE!!

Stanley grabbed the front of Richie's shirt. “Cut it out Trashmouth”, he snarled.

“OoHH mIkE YoUr So FuNnY aND I lOvE hOw SwEeT aNd CaRiNg YoU ArE, yOuR'e LiTeRaLLY aN aNgEl I wAnT To KiSs YoUr CuTe...”

Stanley slammed Richie against the car, his back completely turned away from the direction of the building. He was shaking slightly in a mixture of fury and out-right humiliation

“YOU REALLY THINK I'D EVER BE INTERESTED IN MIKE?! Stanley practically yelled into Richie's face. “ARE YOU FUCKING OUT OF YOUR MIND RICHARD?!

Richie rubbed the back of his head. His eyes shot up to meet Stanley's and slowly they began to grow wider, he visibly held his breath.

Stan didn't notice...well, he did notice...but he didn't really care. He

was so embarrassed, felt so vulnerable over the fact that Richie...fucking RICHIE TOZIER, heard what had been going through his mind since the night before. Hell, since the day he first saw that photo of Mike on Bill's phone. He couldn't deny that the guy practically radiated light...

But then again, why would someone like that ever be interested in a guy like Stan? Okay, Stan wasn't the type to totally self depreciate...but no one could deny that he and Mike were literally polar opposites of each other. Stanley didn't even want to think about how that would work out. To him, it was a fantasy. A daydream. Something that was so nice to think about...in his head...where no one else can hear him...

Stanley continued to Screech at Richie, who still had this strange look on his face. His eyes weren't on Stanley, which angered the blonde even more.

"FUCKING LOOK AT ME RICHIE", Stanley screamed. He was way past his breaking point by now.

Richie put up both hands in a defensive motion and in a low whisper went, "Stan...stop. Please."

No. Too late. The fucking ball was rolling now.

Stanley smacked Richie's hands out the way and pointed his finger right up to Richie's nose.

"IF I WANTED TO GO OUT WITH A GUY WHO PROBABLY COULDN'T FUCKING READ, YOU AND I WOULD BE MARRIED BY NOW RICHARD, YOU LITTLE SHIT".

Richie's eye's shot between Stanley and whatever was behind him.

“WHY WOULD I EVER WASTE MY TIME ON A SPORTS OBSESSED MEAT HEAD LIKE MIKE HANLO...”

Stanley heard the sound of a bag crinkling.

He gritted his teeth in irritation and swung around. He stopped, feeling completely and utterly sick to his stomach.

Mike was standing behind him on the pavement.

His hand gripped tightly around a large plastic bag. He had a blank look on his face as he looked at Stan.

Taking an incredibly deep breath, both boy's caught the hurt in Mike's eyes flash away as he slowly gave them a smile.

This wasn't like his usual bright, warm smiles.

This one felt...soulless.

“Eddie's coming down in a minute”, He looked at Richie, who nodded awkwardly as he took a step away from the car.

Mike walked past Stanley (who looked at the tall boy, completely frozen) and handed Richie the plastic bag. “Eddie hates wearing dirty clothes and Beverly's washing machine broke so uh, he wants to take these back to the dorm to get them cleaned.”



“No problem Mike”, Richie nodded. There wasn’t any hint of a joke in Richie’s tone. He looked completely ashamed of what had just happened.

He glanced up a little to see Stanley, completely pale as he stood there, pitifully clutching the hem of his front shirt.

Mike began to walk away.

“Uh, hey Mike”, Richie called to him as he stepped down the pavement.

“Didn’t you also need a lift back to the dorms?”

Mike turned to look at Richie and stood quietly. He shot Stanley a fast look (completely freezing the blonde in his place) and he waved his hand.

“Actually, I think I’d prefer to walk if that’s cool”.

Richie nodded; he definitely wasn’t going to argue with him. Not right now.

The boys watched Mike as he calmly strolled down the street and across the road.

A few seconds later, Eddie was standing by the front entrance.

He looked at Richie and Stan, before looking at where Mike had gone.

“Hey...where’s Mike going”, He asked Stanley.

Stan unfroze.

He looked feverishly at Eddie and Richie. The boy was almost vibrating and he began to mutter to himself in a low voice.

Before Richie could ask if he was ok, Stanley turned around and began sprinting down the street to catch up with Mike.

Eddie looked at Richie, full of confusion.

“What the fucking hell was that about”?

Richie sighed.

*It looked like he and Stan weren’t so different after all.*

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Uh oh. Let's see how Stanley like's it being in Richie's shoes for once.

Next up: "Is this a date? Are we on a date?? are we dating??? you tell me...."





Richie...was handsome.

.....!?!?

**Had he always looked like this? Had Eddie been high all those weeks? Blind?! What the fuck...?!**

It made Eddie wonder if the reason he hadn't noticed before was that he had been mad at him, and his brain naturally filtered out any attractive traits of the enemy.

"Hrmmm", Eddie thought, "His hair is....fluffier than I remembered"

*Honestly, it looked so soft that Eddie was itching to run his fingers through it, but he kept his little hands to himself, scared of spoiling the strange tension between them. At the moment, Richie had this whole strong, stoic silent thing going on.*

*He was faced forwards; some of his curls were tucked behind his ear, leaving an attractive view of his sharp jaw line. His shirt (A Hey Arnold one this time, featuring Helga Pataki), was a tight fit across his chest. When Eddie had first properly looked at Richie (at the football game) he had pretty much concluded that the guy was basically a stick with a head and noodle arms.*

*...But today the boy looked...lean. Toned.*

Eddie carefully glanced at Richie (for the 8th time), his big hands gripped onto the wheel as he continued sexily focusing on the road. His short sleeves were ridden up, exposing his upper arm. Eddie

crooned forwards a little, holding his breath as his eyes locked on the outline of Richie's bicep, the muscle tensing as Richie did a U turn.

Eddie sat back down, his back flat against the seat. He turned his head to look out the window, as he thought to himself;

**"HUMINAHUMINAHUMINA..."**

.....

The two had been in the car for a while now (not that Eddie minded goD knew Eddie didn't mind), but he was starting to get a little confused. The ride back to his dorm would have taken about 20 minutes and yet the two had been in the car for almost an hour now. He could have sworn that Bev had sent Richie the location on google maps with a screenshot the other night. Eddie had to force himself to remove his eyes from Richie's (stupidly long and luscious, thick dark) lashes and peer through the window.

"...Uh, Hey Rich", the boy drawled slowly, "If you...uh...if you needed directions to my place you could have just asked, y'know that right?"

Eddie turned his face to Richie, whose serious expression was replaced with a small but visibly goofy smile, his eyes facing forwards.

"What if I told you we were going somewhere else first", Richie grinned ominously as he took another turn, further into unknown territory. Eddie held his breath and looked out once again.

Eddie had never been to this part of the city and to be honest, if he had, he probably wouldn't have come back...It looked...filthy.

Eddie crinkled his nose at the sight of boarded up windows, hipsteresque looking people who were just letting their pets shit on the pavements and over there under that rusty metal bench was thAT A RAT!!?

Richie could sense the disdain from his seat. He let out a snort as he drove down the street towards a Shopping centre and past a meter into an underground parking lot.

Once the car was parked, Richie removed his seatbelt (safety first bitchez) and leaned against his headrest, his face now fully on Eddie. Eddie was still waiting to know what this little detour would entail. He sat right there, waiting to hear what Richie had to say.

“God”, said Richie, “Aren’t you suffocating in that?”

....Kay. Not the answer Eddie was looking for at that moment.

At Beverly’s place, he had made an attempt to wash his (STILL) strawberry/dairy fusion clothes only to find that their washing machine had broken a few days before. Beverly had kindly allowed him to rummage through anything that was lying around. He didn’t find much. Honestly, he was surprised it took the entire car ride for Richie to notice the long oversized duffel jacket he was wearing. He had been particularly dreading the smart-ass comments he was expecting to hear on his white lacy socks, paired with his trainers.

They sat staring at each other for a minute, Richie now leaning forward with his head sideways as he grinned his Cheshire-cat smile. “Well, aren’t you gonna take it off Ed’s?”

Eddie clutched the zipper and pouted back at him.

“Tell me what we’re doing here first...And don’t call me that!”

Richie straightened himself upwards and shuffled in a little closer to the edge of his seat.

“You”, Richie pointed towards Eddie, “And I”, He turned his finger at himself, “...Are going to get properly acquainted with each over”.

He sat back and studied Eddie’s expression (Internally congratulating himself for managing to speak without his voice breaking or whatever...it took the entire car ride to calm his nerves. Staying quiet that long almost killed him tbh...)

“Sound good to you?”

Eddie looked a bit frazzled. How did Richie know that he had no classes toda.....Beverly.

It HAD to have been Beverly. She was the one who texted Richie asking for a lift for him while he was trying to see what the issue with the washing machine was.

Eddie groaned, causing Richie’s shoulders to droop a little, his smile slowly fading.

Seeing his reaction, Eddie held up his hands in alarm. “No, actually that sounds great!” He opened the car door, nodding his head reassuringly in the hopes to get Richie’s smile plastered back onto his face.

“I just...wished I was better dressed for the occasion is all”.



Richie stepped out the car from his side and looked Eddie up and down curiously.

“C’mon Ed’s, with a face like yours, no one is probably gives a damn how your dressed”, Richie smirked, one eyebrow raised. “Though I just goTTA SAY those Lolita socks are quite the surprise...not sure that they match the jacket though if I’m being honest but I’m no Edna Mode...”

Eddie looked down at his socks then back to Richie, before taking a breath and un-zipping his coat. He slipped it off and back into his car seat, before closing the door.

Richie’s jaw...***dropped.***

Wrapped around Eddie Kaspbrak’s (thiccccccccc...) thighs were the shortest short shorts Richie has ever seen. They were red and made the smaller boy’s tanned leg’s look warm to the touch. The sleeveless black shirt underneath only highlighted how short his short shorts were, small enough to show a bit of his belly button if he moved in any way.

A good few seconds rolled by, Richie’s jaw was still on the parking lot floor. His head was going up and down, up and down, the only thought in his mind was;

“**HUMINAHUMINAHUMINAHUMINA...**”

Eddie took the silence awkwardly. He cupped his elbows with both hands and looked away, a mixture of humiliation and embarrassment. Richie finally looked into the freckled boy’s eyes and Eddie was alarmed to see an unexpected look of annoyance growing

on the taller boy's face.

"B...Beverly had nothing else that fit me back at hers", Eddie tried to explain, panicked by the irritated face Richie was now making for some reason, "Really, the shorts weren't my first choice...It was either this or a clown onesie and...And I fucking hate clowns Richie...I..."

Eddie didn't know why he trying so hard to justify himself, but the look in Richie's eyes was making the butterflies in his stomach fucking swARM...

Richie held up one hand and Eddie stopped talking, looking down at his socks, red.

Richie's eyebrows creased and he rested his forefinger into the skin between.

"Eddie".

Eddie looked up, eyes wide

"It's November."

Eddie looked puzzled. "Yeah...and?"

Richie's hand fell from his face and he slammed his car door, stomping up to Eddie (Who looked taken aback by the sudden movement). When Richie finally reached him, he put both hands on the smaller boy's shoulders, shaking him slightly.

"Are yoU trYING TO MAKE ME LOSE NO NUT NOVEMBER!?!"

The confusion and anticipation on Eddie's face faded away

immediately. He swatted Richie's hands off and glared.

"Very funny Trash boy"

Richie put his hands on his hips and continued to inspect him up close and Eddie could SWEAR that his glasses looked as if they were fogging up. He bit into his lip as he elbowed the taller boy out of his daze. "It's not the worst thing I could have worn, but I can't say it's practical considering how cold it is outside."

Richie made an exaggerated fanning motion towards his face. "Well I don't know about you but I'm feeling pretty damn hot right now...I didn't even know they made shorts that ShORT!!

"Hey", Eddie blushed, "I seriously didn't wear this for you or anything you...you TWIT, "

Richie completely cracked up at that.

"...Did you seriously just call me a Twit?"

The shorter boy's cheeks puffed as he scuffed his foot against the floor. "I'm running out of things to call your ass", He moped.

Richie gave Eddie his most charming look (his brain said Timothee Chalamet... but his puckered lips and lidded eyes said Tommy Wiseau...)

"How about calling me..." He wriggled his eyebrows,

"...your future husband".

*Eddie looked up at him, his eyes wide and mouth agape at the seriousness*

*of Richie's voice just then. Snapping out of the shock, he kicked at Richie (whose reaction to the attack was to break character and piss himself with laughter).*

"GOD your such a jack ass" Eddie huffed. He was about to give Richie another kick when he suddenly scrunched up his face and sneezed. Ughh.

*Richie let out a crude snicker as he opened up the car door again and fished out his discarded leather jacket. He handed it over to Eddie and put his arm around the boy's waist as they walked through the entrance and up the stairs to the mall.*

...

Inside the busy mall, Eddie and Richie walked up the escalator into the food court. It wasn't really morning anymore so breakfast wasn't on the agenda. Kebabs? Nope. Pizza? Tacobell?

Richie pointed to a small vendor that apparently sold the best ice cream Richie had ever experienced in his young adult life. Obviously they HAD to check it out.

Once the two boys picked their flavours (a Minty chocolate chip fusion for Eddie and ...Liquorice/Rum raisin for Richie...don't ask), they both walked off into the canteen and sat themselves at the cleanest table Eddie could find.

"Soo", Richie darted his tongue into his monstrosity of an ice cream.

"Tell me. Who is Eddie Kaspbrak? (Richie bit into the ice cream with his fucking teeth).

“What do you want to know”, Eddie asked, pretending he wasn’t completely unnerved by the way Rich was practically chewing the ice.

Richie swallowed (lol) and leant back into his metal seat. “Well, so far I know that you have good taste in friends...good taste in fashion! (He motioned at Eddie up and down, his long tan legs stretched out across the seats), and I know...that your short. Like. Really fucking short”.

The freckled boy glowered into his mint chocolate cone. “I’ll just ignore that LAST PART”, he huffed, “And I’ll have you know that I NEVER wear shorts like these”.

Richie cackled. “That’s not true! The ones you wear when you’re doing track are literally just like the one’s your wearing now, only difference is that they’re blue!!”

.....Oh. Oh shit. Richie’s laughter died down as he realised the big mistake he just made. Eddie’s eyebrow raised and he looked a little puzzled. Richie began to sw**EAT AGAIN DISGOSTANG!!!!**

“....How did you know I do track”, Eddie asked.

*Like any reasonable 20-something year old with a crush, after the night that Richie first saw Eddie, He immediately went onto Bill’s facebook, insta, etc To find Mike. Through him, Richie had found Beverly and then finally Eddie. Richie had lurked and managed to learn that Eddie was;*

*Born in a small town in Maine called Derry (The photo’s on google did the town no justice, it honestly looked like an abandoned mining village from the 50’s)*

Eddie, Bev and Mike had known each other for a loooooooooooooong time...way longer than Richie had known any of his friends  
There were LOTS of selfies taken in hospital waiting rooms, pharmacies, etc...Richie didn't get why they were all taken in these places but bOy Be LoOkInG fOiNe DoE...

Eddie had an interest in running, as he was tagged in loads of different photos wearing those cute little shorts, a sunny smile across his pearly teeth as he held onto a trophy in one.

His father was either dead or gone...and apparently his mother...was a whale.

But the best thing Richie had found was Eddie's instagram account (@Gazebo69). On there, Richie basically had a gallery of (COUGHmasturbationmaterialCOUGH). There were pics with Mike, lots with Beverly in her apartment with a few girls (Whom Richie assumed was Bev's flatmates). Other than that, the whole account was basically Eddie being a fucking baddie. Richie didn't feel guilty as he screenshotted almost every post onto his camera roll. The only ones he DIDN'T particularly like were the pics Eddie had taken with other guys. (Lol he still saved the pics, all he had to do was crop those HIMBO'S out.) Not many of them showed up more than once...but Richie could easily deduce one thing from every single guy that Eddie stood with in each pic.

Each guy was lean, with messy hair, a weIRD sense of fashion and on the (super fucking) tall side. Richie was certain.

Eddie had a type.

.....

But right now, Eddie was sitting there, his Ice cream cone melting slightly as he waited for Richie to reveal how he had known this mysterious piece of information. Richie was still sweating (again...ew).

“...Did Beverly tell you”?

Oh thank fuck, an escape!

Richie nodded rapidly, licking around his cone to make sure nothing would melt onto his hands (Lmao He was so focused that he didn't notice Eddie shamelessly gawking at him as he did it)

"That's right...you know Beverly. Always One step ahead", He shrugged as he tried to regain his coolness. Eddie muttered under his breath, annoyed at Bev's apparent canoodling. "I'm glad she did though", Richie continued, "Because then I would never have found out what a cutie pie you are even when i'm NOT around!"

Eddie looked back up at Richie, who was looking down on him adoringly, chilled once again.

"Yeah...well...at least I'll never look as stupid as you did in that Horatio costume when you did Hamlet!!"

It was Richie's turn to raise his eyebrows now. He had never told anyone about that performance, not even Ben. The only evidence of it was a facebook video, going back 4-5 years ago. Eddie twitched at the realization of his mistake and he went silent.

Richie rested his face on one hand, looking positively dopy. "How did you kno...."

"Beep beep Richie".

The boy's were finished with their ice creams now. They continued chattering with eachother, bickering slowly turning into laughter, jabs and pokes turning into hand holding, a savage kick under the table turning into footsie. After about two hours, they both made their way

back down to the escalator (though, not without having a round at Wani Wani World at the arcade).

Back in the carpark, they both sat in the car as they continued their multi topical conversation that slowly drifted into rambles and other nonsense (Nonsense to anyone who was listening in on them, to Eddie and Richie, dissecting the movie Ratatouille and comparing it to Neon Genesis Evangelion was pure genius. Harvard level theories...)

**That day, Eddie discovered that Richie was actually pretty smart. He had a kind of wit that could make him come across as a wise guy...but only if you weren't actually listening.**

**Eddie could have listened to him talk all day.**

**That same day, Richie discovered that the small, angry unit of fury that was Eddie...was pretty fucking hilarious. Every joke or line Richie threw his way was thrown back at him with a bite. Richie loved it. He never actually had anyone respond to him the way Eddie did. Richie was like Marmite. You even love him or hate him. When he told a joke, you laugh at him or with him. When Richie Tozier throws you his heart, you either dodge it or you take it.**

**Eddie had Richie's heart...and he was currently using it to smack against Richie's head like a scrolled up newspaper.**

**Richie could have let him beat his ass all day.**

As the car went back onto the road, the two of them continued talking, completely lost in their own world as they made their way towards the dorms.

They still hadn't noticed that their hands were locked together, completely unaware of the smiles on both their faces.



....interesting

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Ugh sorry that this was so luvy duvy. I promise I will get fucking disgusting for yall soon. xxx

Anyway,I'm planning to complete this fic during my christmas leave xxx got some Ideassss so stay tuned :)))

Next up: mIKE and stAN!!! Find out how (or IF) they manage to clear up this misunderstanding!!

## 19. unpreDICKtable

### Summary for the Chapter:

THE STAN/MIKE CHAPTER!!!

Mike @ Stan: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1enh2hEGp-I>

Stan @ Mike: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YHDuYT1WdmQ>

### Mike:

Stan had been walking beside Mike for a while now, both completely silent. After he had witnessed the childish back and forth he had between Richie...Mike quite honestly didn't want to talk. He allowed the Blonde boy to awkwardly dwindle a few paces beside him as he continued his long...loooooong walk back to the dorms

*(Ok...Mike probably should have accepted that ride.Shit.)*

They had been walking together for about 10 minutes now. After Mike had rejected the ride, he wasn't really expecting to be chased down by Stan.

**ESPECIALLY** after the stuff he had said about him.

....

*Mike still remembered how hard things were back in Derry. Growing up as the only black kid was never going to be easy, but in a spiteful, backwards place like Derry, it was damn near impossible.*

*Mike had been forced to acknowledge that he will always be different. No matter where he went or what he did, people would stare at him. They would ask him hurtful questions and use hurtful words.*

*Unlike the other kids, Mike had to earn the right to be treated like..well..*

*...a person.*

*But he survived.*

*Mike had Eddie and Beverly. Without them, maybe he wouldn't have made it. Maybe without Beverly, he wouldn't have found the courage to try for the football team. Without Eddie to talk to, maybe he would still be terrified that people would find out he was bisexual. Without his friends by his side, Mike might have stayed in Derry.*

*...and he was so thankful he didn't.*

*Mike had learnt to accept that you couldn't win them all. Even after working hard to become a star player, there were people who just refused to accept him no matter what.*

*Mike could handle that. Sometimes people can be ignorant. Being disliked by people who didn't know him didn't hurt him in the slightest.*

*And why?*

*...Because clearly, they didn't bother getting to know him.*

*Maybe if they took the time to do so, things would be different.*

*When Mike walked down those stairs with Eddie's laundry bag, not in a million years did he expect to hear what he assumed Stan really*

thought of him.

**“IF I WANTED TO GO OUT WITH A GUY WHO PROBABLY COULDN’T FUCKING READ, YOU AND I WOULD BE MARRIED BY NOW RICHARD, YOU LITTLE SHIT! “WHY WOULD I EVER WASTE MY TIME ON A SPORTS OBSESSED MEAT HEAD LIKE MIKE HANLON?!”**

Mike had been called worse. Way worse.

But when he heard the blonde boy screaming this, his face contorted with rage as he yelled at Richie...why had it hurt so bad?

Even now as Mike was walking through the park, Stan trailing after him like a lost puppy, he still couldn’t get the echoes out of his brain.

The most confusing thing to Mike was that he genuinely liked Stanley. At first, the only impression he had was that the guy was...pretty fucking hot. He looked smart and laid back, with his turtle neck and his “Fucking try it, I dare you” attitude. Quite honestly, he was Mike’s ideal type.

*(He had been disappointed that Eddie got to him first but hey, Mike was a big boy. He could live with it if his friend was happy)*

In the car ride to Bev’s he had been a little non respondent (Which he now knew why, thanks to Eddie filling him in afterwards), but after loosening up with a few drinks Mike really got to see another side of Stan...

**THE NIGHT BEFORE:**

*(I.E Beverly and Stanley enter the kitchen, prior to Eddie and Richie's fight)*

.....

Stan had entered the Kitchen, looking completely exhausted as Beverly informed them that Richie and Eddie were having a “chat” upstairs, signifying that they shouldn’t be bothered till they come down themselves.

Mike didn’t like the sound of that. Sure, he hadn’t spent that much time around Richie, but Bill had told him a few times how great the guy was, and from the brief conversations they’ve had in the past, Mike could see for himself that the boy was an innocent joker. He was the rascal type.

A soft heart hiding behind sharp words.

*Honestly, when he had first met Richie he was shocked by how much he reminded him of Eddie.*

It was a wonder how they had not got on instantly, but it looks like that whole fiasco was about to be resolved.

Mike still had his doubts though. He remembered how upset Eddie had been earlier and not knowing what was happening upstairs made him a little uncomfortable.

“You sure I shouldn’t check on them”, he asked Beverly, already making a motion towards the door.

Beverly walked over to him and whispered into his ear, “Be my guest, but they might be”, she wriggled her eyebrows,”pretty busy...making out up, if y’know what I mean...”

Oh, Mike got the message alright. He looked towards Stanley worriedly.

*I mean...Eddie had been his date after all, was he ok with this? Was he even aware of it?*

Stanley didn’t look too bothered. He was pouring himself a drink as Ben twiddled with his curls (The big guy appeared to be a lightweight, completely pissed after the first half hour at bevs).

Mike gave Beverly a shrug and joined the two boys at the kitchen table.

“So Stan”, Mike smiled as he put an arm around the blonde’s shoulders, “I’ve heard so much about you from Bill!”

Stanley looked at him suspiciously, drinking down the contents of his glass. He wiped his hand across his mouth and set the glass down onto the tabletop.

“Spill”, He said. “What did Bill tell you?”

*Ben shifted over to Mike, wrapping his muscular arms around the boy as he sang to himself softly. Mike patted him on the head, causing Beverly to giggle. Ben staggered as Beverly brought him to a standing position, leading him out the kitchen and into the living room (not before giving Mike a little wink)*

Mike gave her a lightning quick wink in return before looking back at Stan, a soft smile on his face.

“Bill tells me you’re on your second year now, studying Business administration...?” Stan nods, urging him to go on. Mike picked up Stan’s glass from the table and had a drink before continuing.

“Your dad is a rabbi...your JeWISH (Mike pointed towards Stan’s head, his kippah resting on his curls), you love old music, your OBSESSED with Paul Anka, You hate it when Richie forgets to flush, you ha-“

“Woah there!” Stan raised his hand to take his glass back from Mike, “Did Bill also tell you my shoe size?”

Mike laughed. “Big Bill talks”, he grinned, “You of all people would probably already know that”.

“Indeed I do”, Stanley mimed an exaggerated look of disdain as he sipped on his drink, finishing its contents.

Seeing the empty glass, Mike got up towards the fridge and dug his hands behind, fishing out a half full bottle of wine. Stan looked at him with wide eyes.

“Apothic red”, Mike beamed. He looked at the label and chuckled. “And look! It’s from California, just like you!”

“Ok wise guy”, Stan snorted, “We get it, your majoring in Stanley Uris”.

The two boys shared a laugh as Mike sat back down, the bottle sitting

between them.

*They both continued to chatter while the others were doing god knows what in the other rooms of the flat. At some point, the topic had now begun to touch on their more personal lives I.E relationships.*

*Stan sipped on the red wine and put his elbow onto the wooden table, leaning in so that his back arched a little across from his chair. He looked as if he was starting to get a little fuzzy from the drinks. This had to be his 4<sup>th</sup> glass by now.*

“You seeing anyone?” Stanley slurred, his face was tinted red as he asked, eyes lowered a little as if avoiding eye contact. Mike was standing strong, now currently on his 6<sup>th</sup> glass.

“Not really”, Mike took a sip, “I was dating this girl from the cheer team but that was ages ago, we just hang out nowadays”. Stanley was looking straight across the table, blankly staring a hole into the wall as he nodded at Mike’s words.

“But before that I had a thing with a guy from my football team, think his name was Adrian”, Mike suppressed a hiccup and looked at Stan. “Have you met him? I think he’s switched to the Rugby team this year”.

Stan knew Adrian. Fuck, he even knew that the girl Mike had dated was Betty Ripson, a bitchy cheerleader with a god complex (that rivalled Stanley’s...jkjkjkkjk). Despite not knowing Mike at the time, the girl had spoke of nothing other than her footballer boyfriend who had the ability to (Stanley quotes)

**“CrUsH bOwLiNg bAlls WiTh HiS tHiGhs”.**

Adrian wasn’t sOO bad but the guy was a typical irritatingly rowdy muscle man, never seen without his backward baseball cap and sweatbands. Stan had the (dis)pleasure of meeting them both a few times at some of the parties Bill had FORCED him to attend.



Stanley rolled his eyes, unaware that Mike was looking directly at him.

Mike shrugged it off and decided to turn the question around.

“And what about you?” Mike asked delicately, “Are you...single?”

Stan brought his face up to Mike and gave him a lazy nod. He took the wine lid and screwed it back onto the bottle,

“Yeah, I’m single”, he answered.

Mike looked at him for a few seconds before shrugging his shoulders sympathetically.

“I take it things didn’t work out with Eddie”, He deduced. “...Are you ok?”

Stanley chuckled to himself and flapped his hand at Mike, “No, I’m good, don’t worry about it. We didn’t have much in common to start with”.

He sighed, “I just thought things would be easy”.

**That was obviously the wrong way to phrase it, as Stan saw Mike’s face slowly go dark, his lips in a line.**

“...Easy?” Mike asked, “You mean you thought Eddie was easy?”

“oh GOD no”, Stan sat up and blinked a few times, hurriedly trying explain what he had been trying to say, “I meant that I thought that I knew what I was doing, and what was going on”.

Mike visibly relaxed, his sharp look gradually returning to one of understanding.

“What do you mean by that?”

Stan sighed; his risen shoulders began to droop down, “I like knowing what’s going on y’know? I don’t usually have to read the situation”.

Mike silently listened, both his hands cupped around the (now empty) bottle.

“So I’m guessing you thought Eddie was an open book, huh” Mike quizzed, before cheekily adding (with a tiny smile), “I take it you’re used to being in control?”

Stanley laughed out loud “Your right about that!”

**The two boys shared a grin before Mike got up to return the bottle behind the fridge. If Stanley wasn’t so plastered, he’s have probably asked him why he didn’t throw the bottle away, to which Mike would have replied that it was a sort of game he and Beverly played. She’d hide her booze around the house and if it was found, Mike would leave the empty evidence, letting her know that she had to try harder NEXT TIME!!**

“I’m not saying I didn’t like him, I really thought he was cute and nice, I still do!” Stan continued as Mike returned to his seat, “But he just seemed like one of those people you just want to protect, y’know? I got worried he’d be trampled on the way to the bathroom!”

*The visual image of Eddie getting scooped up like a duckling against a tidal wave made Mike crack up.*

“If you knew Eddie like me and Beverly, you’d know that he’s probably the last person you’d need to worry about”. Mike chuckled, “The guy might be small, but he’s probably the most violent person I know, not to mention he’s got a mouth on him!”

“Yeah, I realized that tonight”, Stanley groaned, “...and I already know a guy who rivals him in that category”.

They both sat quietly, a slow murmur could be heard in the other room and Mike swore he heard a thumping noise upstairs but he didn’t question it.

As the expression goes;

**“Not his circus, not his monkeys”.**

.....

“Did you already know that this was how the night would end?”

Stanley’s arched back rose upwards as he rolled up to level Mike.

“You mean did I know that Eddie and that knucklehead were destined for each other”? Stan breathed in,

“Eventually it became clear...now it’s smack in the face. Nearly all of what went down was predictable”.

Mike gave him a twinkling smile as he vaguely motioned towards the closed door at the end of the kitchen, the soft laughs of Beverly and

Ben emitting through;

“Both our friends are pretty predictable, huh?”

Stanley looked at Mike’s face, a dazed look in his eyes as he gave him a shy smile.

*“...You’re not”*

The rest of the night was a blur. At some point, Ben had entered the kitchen (having been left by Beverly who went upstairs to check in on the other two boys who had been up there for...quite some time). The three searched the kitchen for anything that contained alcohol. Ben masterly dug through the cupboards, finding a can of Magner and a few Budweiser bottles.

Mike was still pretty sober but he was buzzing as Stan decided that his baby photos were in fact “Atrocious”. He simply just HAD to get some new ones.

Ben agreed whole heartedly, as he immediately stripped at the mention of a photo shoot to re-create their childhood memories.

By the time Beverly returned downstairs with a red faced Eddie and Richie, He was in the middle of a tasty mastershot of which was apparently “Ben’s first bath”. The boy was stuck inside the sink as Stanley say on Mike’s lap, almost passed out completely. Mike’s shirt had disappeared at some point but that wasn’t anything new.

Richie was up and ready to go (to Stanley's annoyance). He was forced to pull Stan off Mike's lap; the boy had his arms around Mike's chest as he whined at the sudden loss of body contact.

"NnNnNnGhh LeAvE Me HeRe RiCh", he drawled in a sleepy voice. "I wANt To sTaY wItH mIkE".

Mike and Richie laughed as the crazy haired boy managed to prop Stanley up, his hand against his armpit to hold him steady and in position to move.

When they had gotten to the car, Mike had helped to get Ben out (Ben was actually really good at walking in heels, Mike wondered to himself if he had ever done it before).

He set him into his seat and moved over to hover in front of the back window where Stan was lying down, knocking against the glass.

The drunk blonde was alerted by the tapping and watched as Mike gave him a small bye-bye wave, which he returned.

Mike glowed brightly as he turned back towards the apartment, missing the chance to see Stan's face turn 10 shades of pink to red.

(Un) fortunately, Richie managed to catch it from his rear-view mirror. The boy straightened his glasses up from the tip of his nose and grinned, before turning on the radio to blast out Mr. Blue sky at full volume.

## THE DAY AFTER:

....

Back to the present day, Mike continued to walk through the park, careful to avoid locking eyes with Stanley, who was sheepishly trailing after him, both hands deep in his pockets. Whenever Mike made any kind of motion towards his direction, the blonde would look away quickly, an expression of shame etched onto his face.

Mike sighed. He had absolutely no intention to walk all the way back to his dorms with Stan behind him, looking like some kind of stalker (albeit, a gangly awkward one)

No, they have to talk about this.

He slowly made his way towards a wooden bench and sat down, facing towards Stan, who only looked at him, mentally asking him what he wanted him to do.

Mike patted to his side, leading Stanley to cautiously take the seat, still avoiding meeting Mike's eyes.

They sat there. Neither of them said anything as they watched a woman push a buggy across the path in front of them.

**“Stanley”.**

Stan stiffened at the mention of his name. He gradually turned to look at Mike.

“If you want to tell me something” Mike asked, his voice low,

**“...Then now’s the time to say it”.**

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I have a certain way that I like to write Mike, but due to the situation in the story, just for now Im trying to show a more serious side. Happy bubbly will return again next chAPTER

Up next!!: Stan's turn!! And Beverly meets with Bill's girlfriend!?! find out how ThAt turns out xxx

## 20. Ur my ticket outta Loserville

### Summary for the Chapter:

NhNnnNHhhnngghhhh cant believe bill hader doesnt know i exist...doesnt care im free this weekend...

### Stan/Mike:

10 minutes passed in complete silence.

Dark clouds had started to form in the sky and people had begun getting out their umbrellas in preparation for the looming downpour. A family were packing up their picnic blanket and cutlery as teens sped through the muddy path in their bicycles and scooters.

Mike stayed sitting.

He was waiting to hear what Stanley had to say.

The curly haired boy constantly made faces as if he were about to say something, only to stop himself every time. He twiddled with his hands nervously.

Mike sighed. Looks like he'll need to be the one to get the ball rolling...

**"I can read you know".**

Stanley's eyes nearly popped out his head. He looked mortified.



“I...I know you can Mike...” He said in a remorsefully soft voice. He shrank back into the bench a little.

Mike continued to look ahead, seemingly taking notice of the dark clouds forming.

“Glad you know...I got the impression that you thought I was illiterate for some reason...”

Mike paused before turning his face towards Stanley, one eyebrow raised.

“...you called me a meat head? Stan what does that even mean? Have you been picturing my face as a pork chop since the day we met or..?”

Stanley groaned and covered his face with his hands.

*God this was almost too much...Stanley wasn't used to being in such a...Richie-esque situation! It was humiliating!! Not to mention Mike was actually mature enough to sit and try talking it out, while he had pathetically followed in silence like a total loser, trying not to hyperventilate in response.*

....No.

*Stanley will pull himself together and clear everything up. He wasn't a dumb, no-ass having moron (stinky, frizzy crack head) like Richie, who showed his affection by being a complete shitlord*

*He was Stanley Uris.*

*Mature. Calm. Cool...Sophisticated...(and sexier than Richie...)...*

*Stanley took a big breath, removing his hands from his face as he confidently looked Mike in the eyes.*

*“ThE fIrSt tImE I s AW Yo u WaS whEN BiLL shOWEd Us YoUr fAcEbOok PrOfIlE And I ThOuGHt You WeRe So HoT I aCtUaLLY DiSsOcIATeD”.*

**(Authors note: “RRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE.....)**

*“.....”*

*“Oh my GOD KILL ME KILL ME KILL ME KILL ME KI...”*

*Stanley was literally in the brink of tears. What the FUCK was that!?! With lightning speed his long fingers were smacked back onto his face, groaning once again.*

*Had he looked at Mike, he would have seen a tiny glimmer in his eyes, a small dent on the side of his cheek, and signs of a suppressed smile. Mike took a breath and managed to retain a serious face (though admittedly it felt a little forced now).*

*“...Stan?”*

*Red faced, Stanley looked at him from between his fingers.*

“...do you really think I’m a waste of time?” Mike sat there, one arm over the wooden bench as the other rested on his lap. He looked like he genuinely wanted to know.

Stan buried both his hands deep into his curls as if he were raking them for the right answer. He was still hunched over, but able enough to answer the angel beside him with full honesty.

“Mike...I think you’re the most interesting person I’ve ever met...I don’t know why I made up all that shit about you, I was having a fight with Richie about...”

*(...No...Stan was **definitely** not going to elaborate on what he and Richie had been brawling over)*

“...sTUFF...and...I don’t know why I said all that crap”.

He looked at Mike with an expression he hoped radiated how sorry he was,

“...I didn’t mean any of it...I know it’s not an excuse but I really...”

Stan glanced at Mike, whose mouth resembled a soft smile, his eyes crinkled. Stan’s heart thumped as he began to ramble at the sight of him.

“...I just..I rEaLIY rEaLLy LIKe yOu AnD iF aNyOnEs a wAsTe Of tImE iTs Me AnD WhEn I sAw YoUr FaCE aFtEr I WaNtEd To DiE Im ReaLLy SoRrY I jUsT dIdNT wAnT yOu To ThInk I wAs A...”

There was a pause.

.....

“A meathead?” Mike asked amusedly.

Stan looked down.

“...A loser”.

Mike frowned.

He watched as Stanley wiped his sleeve across his face. It was drizzling a little now but neither of the boy's really cared.

“I'm an insecure person Mike”, Stan said softly. “I try to hide it but...it's hard.”

Mike moved in closer to Stan and put his arm on his back, pulling him close.

“You’re not alone Stan”.

*They sat together quietly as the drizzle began to evolve into heavy rain. Mike looked at Stan (who seemed to be pretty content to stay sitting, indifferent to the heavy droplets that were practically being absorbed into his curls jkkjkjsdkssk).*

*Mike got up and held up his hand to Stan, who took a second or two to respond. Taking it, they both ran for shelter towards the only dry place in view...which happened to be under the dinosaur slide on the playground. Once they made it under, Mike eyed Stan and broke into laughter.*

“Wha...what’s so funny?” Stan stammered.

He followed Mike’s eyeline and put his hands into his hair...annndddd...

**YIKES!!**

*Stan forgot how badly rain frizzed up his hair!! His locks were now shaped like a lion’s mane across his head. He cringed. UuuUUUUUUUGHHH!!! He’s done. He’s finished.*

*Stanley Uris was now the textbook definition of a loser. There’s no use in hiding it now, Mike’s already seen it all in a record few hours...*

Amidst the mass of insults Stanley was mentally hurling at himself, he stopped once he caught sight of Mike’s face.

Mike was smiling...but this wasn’t the soulless smile he had on that morning...

It wasn’t like his usually bright smiles either, this one was different.

Mike was smiling at Stanley with a face so soft and full of affection that it made the the boy almost dizzy.

Mike reached out and caressed one of Stan's frazzled curls between his fingers.

"If you're scared of being a loser", He said softly,

"...then how about we be losers together?"

////////

Eddie's phone pinged.

After jamming 8 jaffa cakes into Richies fuCKING HUGE mouth, he took out his phone and laughed aloud to the image of Stan Mike had sent him, hair like a blonde Simba and face redder than Richie (Did I mention Eddie was currently sitting on Richie's chest...?)

Richie's phone was currently off but he had heaps of notifications waiting for him; one from Beverly asking him how long he had known that bill's GIRLFRIEND had been living with her for the past year...and whether Ben preferred going to the movies or to a concert, a text from Ben asking for a lift later as he was hanging with Beverly for the day J J J, Bill asking him to fluSH THE TOILET AFTER TAKING A SHET! DOSGOSTANG!!

There was also a text from Stan *(and a photo of him flipping him off...another for richies collection.)*

Apparently Mike had heard the whole conversation...Riiighht from the part where Richie had revealed that Stan dreamt of him that night.

Mike had been walking down the stairs when he heard Skinny 1 and 2 screeching at each other over how whipped Stan was. Honestly, he had been over the moon at this discovery, only to be completely confused over the news that;

1.He can't read

2.He was a...meathead.

...And 3. Stan didn't have time for meat head boys who can't read.....

...Ok Mike found it funny at first...but he didn't appreciate it all the same!!!!

## Notes for the Chapter:

Everytime I write something serious I get a little  
nauseous teehee hOPe ThIs ChApTeR tUrNed oUt  
Ok...might do a little...ben bevy action nextttttt  
(sprinkled with the others ofc if I only write about a  
het couple for longer than 3 minutes I instantly break  
out with acne

coming up next:..... <3